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The Song A Magazine

EDITED BY
Rev. H. Payson Hammond.

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Mary Hart
from

Brother Will

Chicago, Ill. Oct. 2nd. 1874

EVANGEL:

LECTION OF
ND TUNES,
D NEW,) *SERVICE, PRAYER MEETINGS, AND
REFRESHING."*

D BY

SON HAMMOND,

"red Lambs," "Jesus the Lamb of God," "Jesus the Way,"

let all the People praise Thee !"

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CESSORS TO WM. B. BRADBURY,

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V93.

THE SONG EVANGEL:

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF
HYMNS AND TUNES,
(OLD AND NEW,)

FOR SABBATH SCHOOLS, CHURCH SERVICE, PRAYER MEETINGS, AND
"TIMES OF REFRESHING."

EDITED BY
Rev. EDWARD PAYSON HAMMOND,
*Author of "Sketches of Palestine," "The Better Life," "Gathered Lambs," "Jesus the Lamb of God," "Jesus the Way,"
etc., etc.*

"Let the People praise Thee, O God; let all the People praise Thee!"

New York and Chicago:
PUBLISHED BY BIGLOW & MAIN, SUCCESSORS TO WM. B. BRADBURY,
FOR SALE BY BOOKSELLERS AND MUSIC DEALERS.

PREFACE.

MANY of those who have loved our "NEW PRAISES OF JESUS," and used it not only in the Sabbath School and Prayer Meeting, but also in Public Worship, have desired that a larger Book of a similar character be prepared. We have therefore for several years been collecting in this country and Great Britain fresh material for the **SONG EVANGEL**.

It contains many of the precious standard Hymns and Tunes, without which no collection for general use is complete. In addition to these will be found new compositions, which it is hoped will express the aspirations of God's people, and the joys of those who have experienced the assurance of sins forgiven.

It is, as its name implies, the GOSPEL IN SONG. The old doctrines of the Bible, in which Christians of all denominations agree, are distinctly brought out, especially that of THE ATONEMENT, so that not only adults but *little children* may also understand how "HE WAS WOUNDED FOR OUR TRANSGRESSIONS."

Through the agency of some of the Hymns of this Book many little ones have been led to trust and love the Saviour,—we have also given prominence to the work of the HOLY SPIRIT in revealing Christ as our *wisdom, righteousness and sanctification*. It contains an unusual number of Hymns adapted for Prayer Meetings. Those by the Editor have been written with earnest prayer for guidance. We hope it may be as extensively adopted in the Sabbath Schools and Churches of our land as have been the "NEW PRAISES OF JESUS," over two hundred thousand of which have been published in this country and Great Britain. The music has all been revised by HUBERT P. MAIN, by whom also some of its best tunes were written.

REV. H. H. WELLS, of Cleveland, Ohio, has rendered valuable assistance in its compilation; also, Rev. O. PARKER, together with many others, to whom we are under great obligations for kindly permitting us to use their hymns and tunes. We have endeavored, as far as possible, to give the names of Authors. If we have, by inadvertance, used any composition without permission, we shall gladly make acknowledgment in a future issue.

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E. PAYSON HAMMOND.

SONG EVANGEL.

SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD LEAD US.

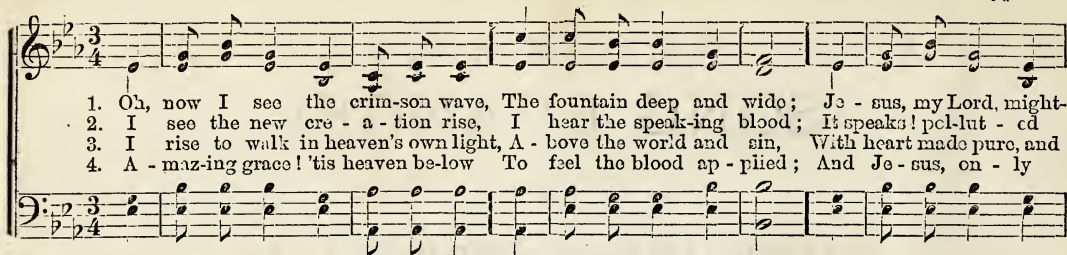
DOROTHY THRUPP.

WM. B. BRADBURY, *by per.*

1 { Sav-iour, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care; }
 { In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre-pare. } Bless-ed Je - sus, Blessed

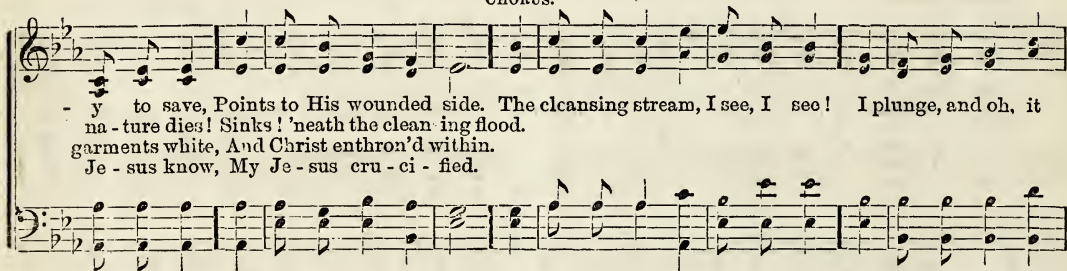
Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are, Blessed Jesus, Blessed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| <p>2 We are thine, do Thou befriend us,
 Be the Guardian of our way;
 Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
 Seek us when we go astray.
 Blessed Jesus,
 Hear, O hear us, when we pray.</p> | <p>3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be,
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse, and power to
 Blessed Jesus, [free.
 We will early turn to Thee.</p> | <p>4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
 Early let us do Thy will;
 Blessed Lord and only Saviour.
 With Thy love our bosoms fill.
 Blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast loved us, love us still.</p> |
|---|---|--|

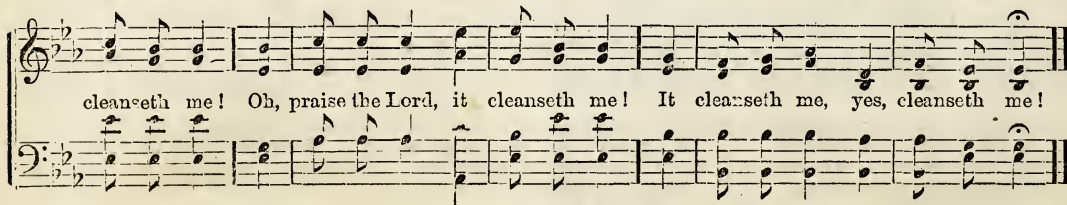


1. Oh, now I see the crim-son wave, The fountain deep and wide; Je - sus, my Lord, might-
 2. I see the new cre - a - tion rise, I hear the speak-ing blood; It speaks! pol-lut - ed
 3. I rise to walk in heaven's own light, A - bove the world and sin, With heart made pure, and
 4. A - maz-ing grace! 'tis heaven be-low To feel the blood ap - plied; And Je - sus, on - ly

CHORUS.



- y to save, Points to His wounded side. The cleansing stream, I see, I see! I plunge, and oh, it
 na - ture dies! Sinks! 'neath the clean-ing flood.
 garments white, And Christ enthron'd within.
 Je - sus know, My Je - sus cru - ci - fied.



cleanseth me! Oh, praise the Lord, it cleanseth me! It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me!

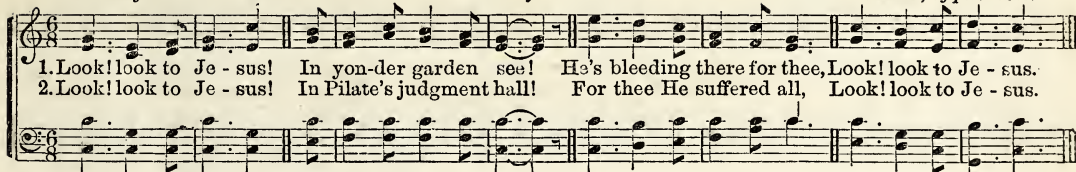
LOOK! LOOK TO JESUS.

5

Words by E. P. H. 1873.

Written for this work.

HUBERT P. MAIN, by per. 1873.



- 3 Look! look to Jesus!
Upon the cruel tree;
He groaned and died for thee,
Look! look to Jesus.
- 4 Look! look to Jesus!
Behold a Fountain free,
Is open there for thee!
Look! look to Jesus.
- 5 Look! look to Jesus!
"FATHER," he cries, "FORGIVE."
Then turn to Him and live,
Look! look to Jesus.
- 6 Look! look to Jesus!
For thee He intercedes,
His blood for thee now pleads!
Look! look to Jesus.
- 7 Look! look to Jesus!
He's calling now for thee;
"Poor sinner, look to Me."
Look! look to Jesus.
- 8 Look! look to Jesus!
If thou wouldst live above;
Where all is peace and love,
Look! look to Jesus.

LOOKING OFF UNTO JESUS. *

Tune.—"Looking only," &c., page 84.

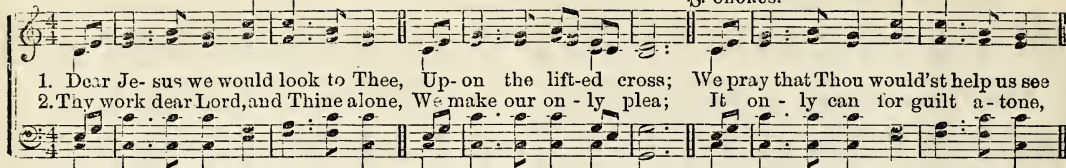
- 1 O eyes that are weary, and hearts that are sore,
Look off unto Jesus, and sorrow no more;
The light of His countenance shineth so bright,
That on earth, as in heaven, there need be no night.
- 2 "Looking off unto Jesus," my eyes cannot see,
The troubles and dangers that throng around me:
They cannot be blinded with sorrowful tears,
They cannot be shadowed with unbelief-fears.
- 3 "Looking off unto Jesus," I go not astray;
My eyes are on Him, and He shows me the way;
The path may seem dark, as he leads me along,
But following Jesus, I cannot go wrong.
- 4 "Looking off unto Jesus," my heart cannot fear,
Its trembling is still when I see Jesus near;
I know that His power my safeguard will be,
"For why are ye troubled?" he saith unto me.
- 5 "Looking off unto Jesus," oh! may I be found,
When the waters of Jordan encompass me round;
Let them bear me away in His presence to be:—
'Tis but seeing Him nearer whom always I see.
- 6 Then, then I sha'l know the full beauty and grace
Of Jesus, my Lord. when I stand face to face;
I shall know how His love went before me each day,
And wonder that ever my eyes turned away!

* This is the exact translation of Heb. xii. 2. "Looking off (from all other objects) unto Jesus."

JESUS LIFTED UP.

OLD MELODY.

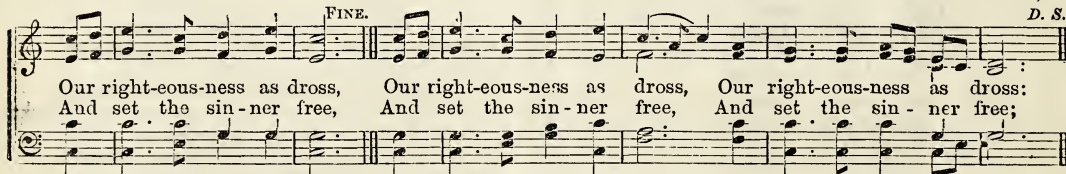
S: CHORUS.



1. Dear Je- sus we would look to Thee, Up-on the lift-ed cross; We pray that Thou would'st help us see
 2. Thy work dear Lord, and Thine alone, We make our on - ly plea; It on - ly can for guilt a - tone,

*D. S. We pray that Thou would'st help us see,
 D. S. It on - ly can for guilt a - tone,*

FINE.



Our right-eous-ness as dross, Our right-eous-ness as dross, Our right-eous-ness as dross;
 And set the sin-ner free, And set the sin-ner free, And set the sin-ner free;

*Our right-eous-ness as dross.
 And set the sin-ner free.*

- 3 Thy work, alas! we ne'er can tell,
 Its depths of agony;
 When Thou didst rescue us from hell,
 Upon the blood-stained tree.—*Cho.* Upon, &c.
 4 In triumph then Thou didst proclaim,
 Salvation's work complete;
 Before our God we plead Thy name,
 "Tis FINISHED," we repeat.—*Cho.* 'Tis, &c.
O PRECIOUS BLOOD.
 1 O precious blood, O glorious death,
 By which the sinner lives!
 When stung with sin, this blood we view,
 And all our joy revives.—*Cho.* And all, &c.
 2 The blood that purchased our release,
 And washes out our stains,
 We challenge earth and hell to show
 A sin it cannot cleanse.—*Cho.* A sin, &c.

- 3 Our scarlet crimes are made as wool,
 And we brought nigh to God;
 Thanks to that wrath-appeasing death,
 That heaven-procuring blood.—*Cho.* That, &c.
 4 The blood that makes His glorious church
 From every blemish free;
 And oh! the riches of His love,
 He pour'd it out for me.—*Cho.* He pour'd, &c.
 5 Guilty and worthless as I am,
 It all for me was given;
 And boldness through His blood I have,
 To enter into heaven.—*Cho.* To enter, &c.
 6 Thither in my great Surety's right
 I surely shall be brought;
 He could not agonize in vain
 Nor spend His strength for nought.—*Cho.* Nor, &c.

Toplady, 1777.

OVER THERE.

Words by REV. E. WATSON.

J. W. A. CLUETT.
Arranged by H. P. MAIN.

7

1. I have heard of a place o - ver there, Where Je - sus, my Sav-iour doth reign; There will
2. I have friends that have gone o - ver there, And I hope to re-join them a - gain; How de -

CHORUS.

be no more death, o - ver there, Neither sighing, nor sorrow, nor pain. O, I have a home o - ver
- light-ed to meet o - ver there, And with loved ones for-ev-er re-main.

there, o - ver there, Where Je - sus my Sav-iour doth reign, 'Tis a beau - ti - ful place o - ver

there, o - ver there, o - ver there.
o - ver there, over there,

3 There are angels that sing over there—
How pleasant their singing must be;
There are crowns for the faithful to wear,
And I trust there's a bright one for me.—*Cho.*

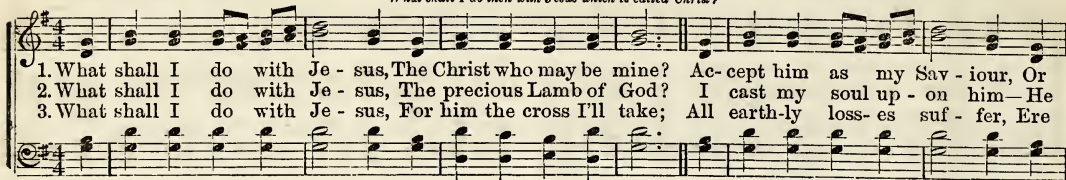
4 There are mansions for all over there
For the poor and the homeless below;
There is room for the world over there,
And my Saviour invites all to go.—*Cho.*

WHAT SHALL I DO WITH JESUS?

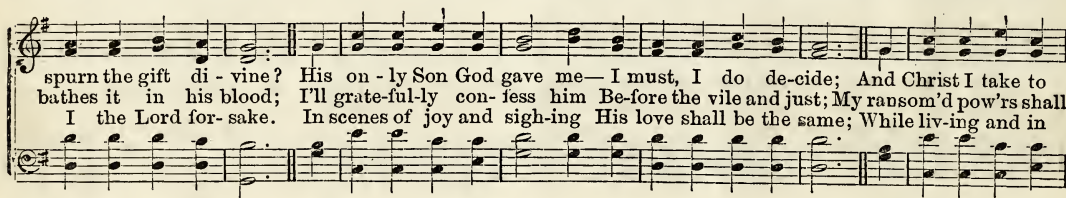
Rev. R. LOWRY.

Words by S. D. PHELPS, D. D.

From "Chapel Melodies," by permission.

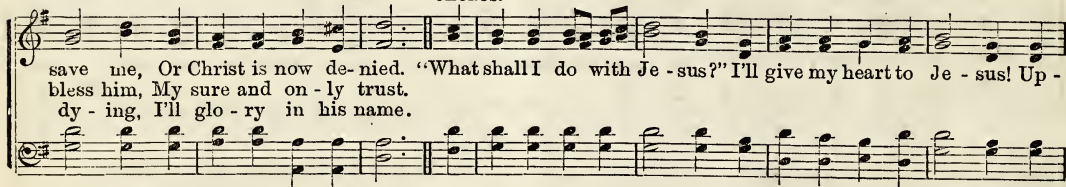
"What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ?"


1. What shall I do with Je - sus, The Christ who may be mine? Ac - cept him as my Sav - iour, Or
 2. What shall I do with Je - sus, The precious Lamb of God? I cast my soul up - on him - He
 3. What shall I do with Je - sus, For him the cross I'll take; All earth - ly loss - es suf - fer, Ere

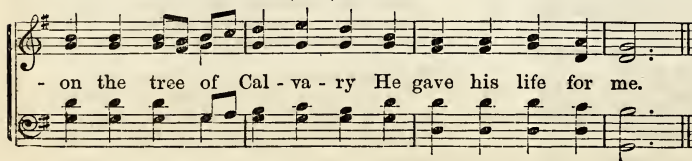


spurn the gift di - vine? His on - ly Son God gave me - I must, I do de - cide; And Christ I take to
 bathes it in his blood; I'll grate - ful - ly con - fess him Be - fore the vile and just; My ransom'd pow'r shall
 I the Lord for - sake. In scenes of joy and sigh - ing His love shall be the same; While liv - ing and in

CHORUS.



save me, Or Christ is now de - nied. "What shall I do with Je - sus?" I'll give my heart to Je - sus! Up -
 bless him, My sure and on - ly trust.
 dy - ing, I'll glo - ry in his name.

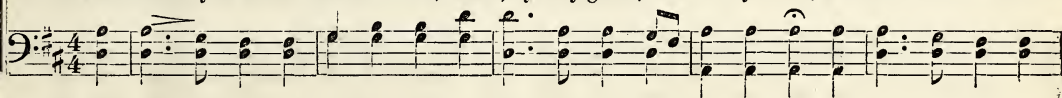


- on the tree of Cal - va - ry He gave his life for me.

4 What now I do with Jesus,
 When this brief life is past,
 With me will be remembered
 Before his bar at last.
 He will not then disown me
 With those who hate and scoff;
 At his right hand he'll crown me—
 He will not cast me off.—*Cho.*



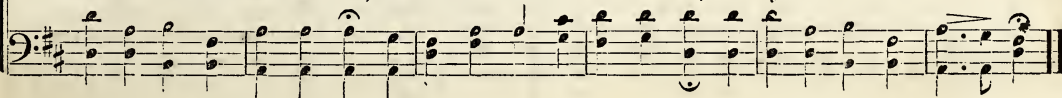
1. He lead-eth me! O, bless-ed thought, O, words with heav'nly comfort fraught, Whate'er I do, where
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, By wa-ters still, o'er
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur nor re-pine—Content, what-ev-er
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the victory's won, E'en death's cold wave I



- e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me. *f* He lead-eth me! He lead-eth me! By
 trou-bled sea—Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me.
 lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me.
 will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan lead-eth me.



His own hand He lead-eth me; His faithful follower I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.



1. O Thou, in whose presence my soul takes de-light, On whom, in af-flic-tion I call;
2. Where dost Thou at noon-tide re-sort with Thy sheep, To feed in the pas-ture of love?

My com-fort by day, and my song in the night, My hope, my sal-va-tion, my all.
For why in the val-ley of death should I weep, Or a-lone in the wil-der-ness rove?

3 O, why should I wander, an alien from Thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadow of death;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at His feet,
The air is perfumed with His breath.

5 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
To water the gardens of grace;
From which their salvation the gentiles shall know,
And bask in the smiles of His face.

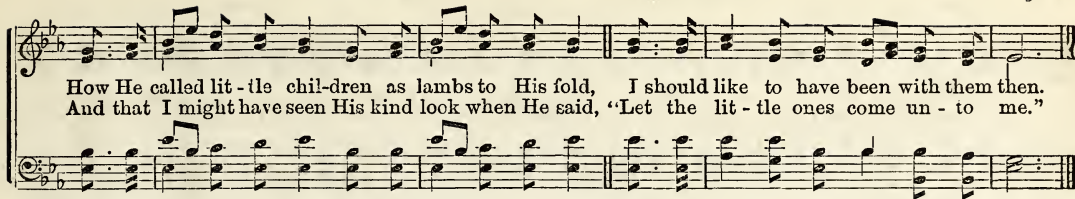
6 He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for His word;
He speaks, and eternity, filled with His voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

MISS JEMIMA THOMPSON-LUKE, 1841.

SWEET STORY.

Greek Melody. Arr. 1847.

1. I think, when I read that sweet sto-ry of old, When Je-sus was here a-mong men,
2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,— His arms had been thrown a-round me,



How He called lit-tle chil-dren as lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then.
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said, "Let the lit-tle ones come un-to me."

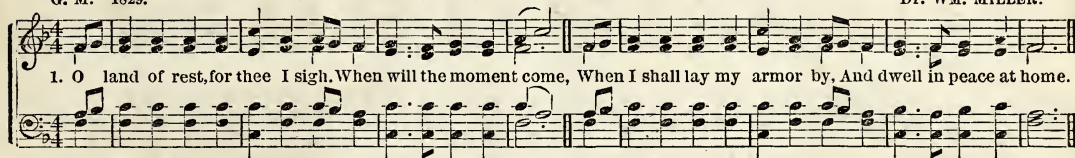
3 Yet still to His foot-stool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above.

4 In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare,
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

G. M. 1829.

WE'LL WAIT TILL JESUS COMES.

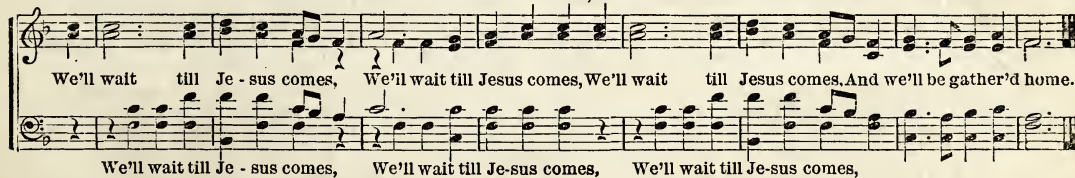
Dr. WM. MILLER.



1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh. When will the moment come, When I shall lay my armor by, And dwell in peace at home.

CHORUS.

We'll wait till Je-sus comes,



We'll wait till Je-sus comes, We'll wait till Jesus comes, We'll wait till Jesus comes, And we'll be gather'd home.
We'll wait till Je-sus comes, We'll wait till Je-sus comes, We'll wait till Je-sus comes,

2 To Jesus Christ I'll flee for rest;
He bids me cease to roam,
And lean for succor on His breast,
Till He conducts me home.—*Cho.*

3 I'll seek at once my Saviour's side,
No more my steps shall roam;
With Him I'll brave life's stormy tide,
And reach my heavenly home.—*Cho.*

By Miss M. E. WINSLOW.

Written for this Work.

CHESTER G. ALLEN. *Ly per.*

1. O bless - ed feet of Je - sus, Wea - ry with seek - ing me! Stand at God's bar of judg - ment And
 2. O knees which bent in an - guish, In dark Geth - sem - a - ne! Kneel at the throne of glo - ry, And

CHORUS.

in - ter - cedo for me. In - ter - cedo for me, my Sav - iour, In - ter - cedo for me; Stand
 in - ter - cedo for me. In - ter - cedo for me, my Sav - iour, In - ter - cedo for me; Kneel

at God's bar of judgment, And in - ter - cedo for me.
 at the throne of glo - ry, And in - ter - cedo for me.

- 3 O hands that were extended
 Upon the awful tree!
 Hold up those precious nail-prints
 Which intercede for me.—*Cho.*
- 4 O side from whence the spear-point
 Brought blood and water free!
 For healing and for cleansing!
 Still intercede for me.—*Cho.*

- 5 O head so deeply piercéd
 With thorns which sharpest be.
 Bend low before Thy Father,
 And intercede for me.—*Cho.*
- 6 O sacred heart! such sorrows
 The world may never see,
 As that which gave Thee warrant
 To intercede for me.—*Cho.*
- 7 O body scarred and wounded,
 My sacrifice to be!
 Present Thy perfect offering,
 And intercede for me.—*Cho.*
- 8 O loving, risen Saviour,
 From death and sorrow free;
 Though throned in endless glory,
 Still intercede for me.—*Cho.*

PRAISE THE LORD, HE'S PARDONED ME.

13

E. P. H.

Written for this Work,

HUBERT P. MAIN. 1873. By per.

1. Praise the Lord, he's pardoned me, From my load of sin I'm free, Now my Saviour I can see;
 2. Wondrous is the Father's love, Wondrous is the Saviour's love, Wondrous is the Spirit's love;
 3. Oh, what love was that which led God, the victim's blood to shed, That we might be free from dread;

CHORUS.

Praise the Lord. Glo-ry, hal-le - lu-jah! Praise him, halle-lu-jah! Glo-ry, hal-le - lu - jah! To the Lamb.
 Praise the Lord.
 Praise the Lord.

4 Jesus' love no tongue can tell!
 He has rescued us from hell:
 All our fears he now doth quell;
 Praise the Lamb.—*Cho.*

5 With what love the Spirit wins
 Stubborn souls from death and sin,
 Helps us to believe in Him,
 For us slain.—*Cho.*

6 Help me now to Jesus cling,
 Till thro' heaven's high arches ring
 Loud hosannas to our King;
 Praise the Lord.—*Cho.*

WORTHY IS THE LAMB.

1 Worthy, worthy is the Lamb,
 Worthy, worthy is the Lamb,
 Worthy, worthy is the Lamb
 That was slain.—*Cho.*

2 Sons of Morning, sing his praise,
 In the noblest strains you raise,
 Man's redemption claims your lays;
 Praise the Lamb.—*Cho.*

3 Christ has come in very deed,
 Born to bruise the serpent's head;
 Sinner, he's the friend you need;
 Praise the Lamb.—*Cho.*

4 See, in sad Gethsemane,
 See, on tragic Calvary,
 Sinner, see his love to thee;
 Praise the Lamb.—*Cho.*

5 Strike the stoutest sinner through,
 Force the cry, "what shall I do?"
 Let him weep till born anew;
 Blessed Lamb.—*Cho.*

6 Penitents, dry up your tears,
 God hath heard believing prayers,
 He forgives you when he hears
 His dear Lamb.—*Cho.*

E. P. H. Jerusalem. 1866.

"Christ also hath loved us, and hath given himself for us."—Eph. v. 2.

DANIEL READ. 1804.

1. Here it was the Lord of Glo - ry At Gol - goth - a died for me, Here I read the
 2. Here His hands and feet all bleed - ing, Fast were nailed un - to the cross; Here His wounds for

wond'rous sto - ry Of His death to set me free.
 me were pleading, When my gain was all His loss.

DOXOLOGY.

May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favor,
 Rest upon us from above!

3 Here by God He was forsaken,
 When He took the sinner's place;
 For His sake I now am taken
 Into favor under grace.

4 Here the sword of justice slew Him,
 That I might be justified;
 Praise the Lord I ever knew Him,
 That for me He bled and died.

5 Blessed Jesus, I will love Thee,
 Love Thee till my latest breath;
 And in heaven I will adore Thee,
 When these eyes are closed in death.

Dr. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1831.

AMOY. 6s & 4s.

Br. L. MASON.

1. To - day the Saviour calls: Ye wand'ers, come; O, ye be - night - ed souls, Why long - er roam?
 2. To - day the Saviour calls: O, lis - ten now: With - in these sacred walls To Je - sus bow.
 3. To - day the Saviour calls: For re - fuge fly; The storm of jus - tice falls, And death is nigh.
 4. The Spir - it calls to - day: Yield to H's power; Oh, grieve Him not a - way; 'Tis mer - cy's hour.

(Hymns for tune "Jesus on the Cross," page 14.)

BARTIMEUS.

- 1 "Mercy, O thou Son of David!"
Thus the blind Bartimeus prayed;
'Others by Thy word were saved,
Now to me afford Thine aid."
- 2 Many for his crying chid him,
But he called the louder still;
Till the gracious Saviour bid him,
"Come, and ask me what you will."
- 3 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging used to live;
But he ask'd, and Jesus granted
Alms which none but He could give.
- 4 "Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Let my eyes behold the day!"
Straight he saw, and won by kindness,
Follow'd Jesus in the way.
- 5 Now, methinks, I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around,
"Friends, is not my case amazing?
What a Saviour I have found!"
- 6 "Oh! that all the blind but knew Him,
And would be advised by me!
Surely they would hasten to Him,
He would cause them all to see."

J. Newton, 1779.

THE FOOT OF THE CROSS.

- 1 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.
- 2 Truly blessed is this station—
Low before the cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in His gracious eye.

- 3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.
- 4 May I still enjoy this feeling—
Still to my Redeemer go;
Prove His wounds each day more healing,
And Himself more truly know. J. Allen, 1757.

OPENING OF SCHOOL.

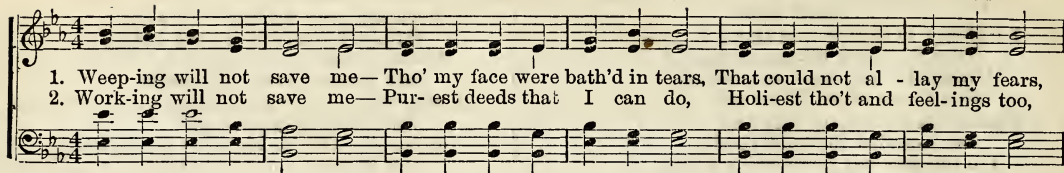
- 1 We have met in peace together,
In this house of God again;
Constant friends have led us hither,
Here to chant the solemn strain.
- 2 Here to breathe our adoration,
Here the Saviour's praise to sing;
May the Spirit of salvation
Come with healing in His wing.
- 3 We have met, and Time is flying;
We shall part, and still his wing,
Sweeping o'er the dead and dying,
Will the changeful seasons bring.

MUCH FORGIVEN.

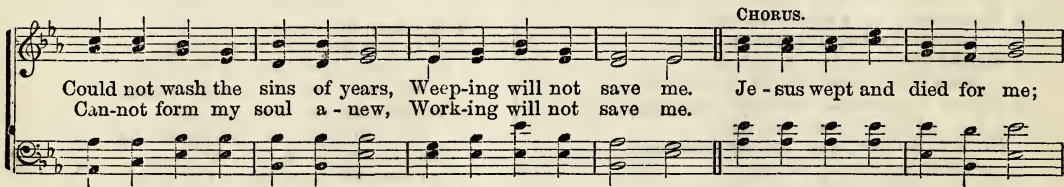
- 1 Hail! my ever blessed Jesus,
Only Thee I wish to sing;
To my soul Thy name is precious,
Thou my Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 2 Oh, what mercy flows from heaven!
Oh, what joy and happiness!
Love I much? I'm much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.
- 3 Once with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcerned in sin I lay;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Saviour passed that way.

John Wingrove, 1806.

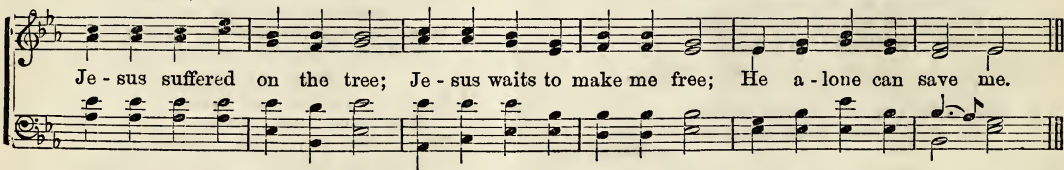
Words and Music by REV. R. LOWRY.
From "Chapel Melodies," by per.



1. Weep-ing will not save me— Tho' my face were bath'd in tears, That could not al - lay my fears,
2. Work-ing will not save me— Pur- est deeds that I can do, Holi- est tho't and feel-ings too,



CHORUS.
Could not wash the sins of years, Weep-ing will not save me. Je - sus wept and died for me;
Can-not form my soul a - new, Work-ing will not save me.



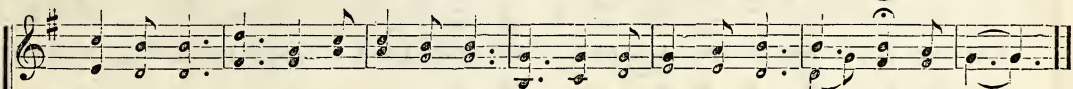
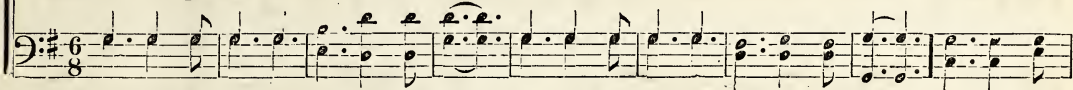
Je - sus suffered on the tree; Je - sus waits to make me free; He a - lone can save me.

3.
Waiting will not save me—
Helpless, guilty, lost, I lie;
In my ear is mercy's cry;
If I wait I can but die—
Waiting will not save me.
Cho.—Jesus wept, &c.

4.
Faith in Christ will save me—
Let me trust Thy weeping Son;
Trust the work that He has done;
To His arms, Lord, help me run—
Faith in Christ will save me.
Cho.—Jesus wept, &c.



1. "Al-most persuad-ed" now to be-lieve; "Al-most persuad-ed" Christ to re-ceive. Seems now some
2. "Al-most persuad-ed," come, come to-day; "Al-most persuad-ed," turn not a-way. Je-sus in-
3. "Al-most persuad-ed," har-vest is past; "Al-most persuad-ed," doom comes at last! "Al-most" can-



- soul to say, "Go, spir-it, go thy way, Some more con-ven-ient day, On thee I'll call."
 -vites you here, An-gels are ling'ring near, Pray'r's rise from hearts so dear; O, wand'r'er come!
 -not a-vail; "Al-most" is but to fail! Sad, sad that bit-ter wail—"Al-most, but lost!"



JESUS, SAVIOUR, PITY ME.

Tune—"Jesus loves me," page 58.

- 1 Jesus, Saviour, pity me;
Hear me when I cry to Thee,
I've a very wicked heart,
Full of sin in every part.
Cho.—Dear Jesus, hear me,
Dear Jesus, hear me,
Dear Jesus, hear me,
Oh, listen to my prayer.
- 2 I can never make it good,
Wilt Thou wash me in Thy blood?

- Jesus, Saviour, pity me,
Hear me when I pray to Thee.—*Cho.*
- 3 When I try to do Thy will,
Sin is in my bosom still,
And I soon do something bad;
Then my heart is dark and sad.—*Cho.*
 - 4 Now I come to Thee for aid,
All my hope on Thee is stayed;
Thou hast bled and died for me,
I will give myself to Thee.—*Cho.*

1. A-wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing the great Re-dee-mer's praise; He just - ly claims a

CHORUS.
song from me; His lov - ing - kind - ness, O how free! His lov - ing - kindness, Lov - ing - kindness,

His lov - ing - kind - ness, O how free.

2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all,
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, O, how great.—*Cho.*

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, O how strong!—*Cho.*

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, O, how good!—*Cho.*

5 Often I feel my sinful heart,
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have Him off forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.—*Cho.*

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O! may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.—*Cho.*

7 Then let me mount and soar away,
To that bright world of endless day,
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.—*Cho.*

THOU HIDDEN LOVE OF GOD.

19

Tr. by JOHN WESLEY. 1739.

ENGLISH.

FINE.

1. { Thou hid-den love of God, whose height, Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows, }
 { I see from far Thy beauteous light, And in - ly sigh for Thy re-pose: } My heart is pain'd, nor
 d. c. My heart is pain'd, nor can it be At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.

D. C.

can it be At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.

- 2 Is there a thing beneath the sun
 That strives with Thee my heart to share?
 Oh! tear it thence, and reign alone,
 The Lord of every motion there.
 ||: Then shall my heart from earth be free;
 When it has found repose in Thee. :||

- 3 Oh! hide this self from me, that I
 No more, but Christ in me may live;
 My vile affections mortify,
 Nor let one darling sin survive.
 ||: In all things nothing may I see,
 Nothing desire or seek but Thee. :||

- 4 Each moment calls from earth away
 My heart, which lowly waits Thy call;
 Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
 "I am thy life, thy God, thy all."
 ||: To know Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
 To feel Thy love, be all my choice. :||

POWER OF PRAYER.

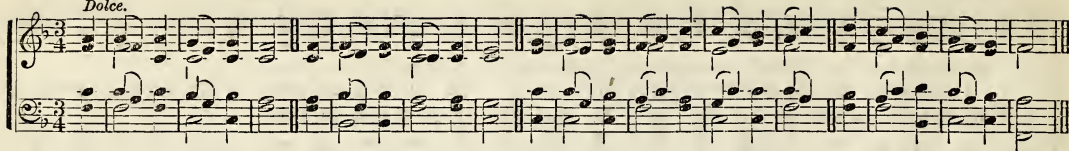
- 1 Jesus, where'er Thy people meet,
 There they behold Thy mercy seat,
 Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
 And every place is hallowed ground.
 For Thou, within no walls confined,
 Inhabitest the humble mind:
 Such ever bring Thee where they come,
 And, going, take Thee to their home.

- 2 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
 To strengthen faith, and banish care,—
 To teach our faint desires to rise,
 And bring all heaven before our eyes.
 Lord, we are weak, but Thou art near,
 Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
 O, rend the heavens! come quickly down,
 And make the sinner's heart thine own.

Wm. Cowper. 1769.

T. DWIGHT. 1800.

From NAGELI.

Dolce.

1 I love Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

2 I love Thy church, O God;
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare or her woe,
Let every joy this heart forsake,
And every grief o'erflow.

4 Beyond my highest joy,
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

NOW IS THE ACCEPTED TIME.

1 Now is the accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is the accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;

To-morrow it may be too late,—
Then why should you delay.

3 Now is the accepted time,
The Gospel bids you come;
And every promise in His word
Declares there yet is room.

4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with Thy love;
Then will the angels swiftly fly,
And bear the news above.

John Dobell, 1806.

PEACE THROUGH THE BLOOD.

1 I hear the words of love,
I gaze upon the blood;
I see the mighty sacrifice,
And I have peace with God.

2 'Tis everlasting peace!
Sure as Jehovah's name,
'Tis stable as His steadfast throne,
For evermore the same.

3 That which can shake the Cross,
May shake the peace it gave;
Which tells me Christ has never died,
Or never left the grave!

4 Till then my peace is sure,
It will not, cannot yield;
Jesus, I know, has died and lives—
On this firm rock I build.

PRAISE IS COMELY.

1 Sweet is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious acts to sing; [word
To praise Thy name, and hear Thy
And grateful off'rings bring.

2 Sweet at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And, when approach the shades of
Still on the theme to dwell. [night,

3 Sweet on this day of rest,
To join, in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve Thee
And in Thy name rejoice. [best,

4 To songs of praise and joy,
Be every sabbath given,
That such may be our best employ
Eternally in heaven.

Harriet Auber, 1829.

Lively.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear, ti - tle clear, When I can read my ti - tle
I'll bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, ev - 'ry fear, I'll bid fare-well to ev - 'ry
2. Should earth a - gainst my soul en - gage, soul en - gage, Should earth a - gainst my soul en -
Yet I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, Sa - tan's rage, Yet I can smile at Sa - tan's

clear, ti - tle clear, When I can read my ti - tle clear, To mansions in the skies.
fear, ev - 'ry fear, I'll bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.
- gage, soul en - gage, Should earth a - gainst my soul en - gage, And fie - ry darts be hurled;
rage, Sa - tan's rage, Yet I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown-ing world.

CHORUS.

We will stand the storm, We will an - - chor by and

We will stand, stand the storm, It will not be ve - ry long; We will an - chor by and by, We will

by, by and by, We will stand the storm, We'll an - chor by and by.

an - chor by and by, We will stand, stand the storm; It will not be ve - ry long, We'll an - chor by and by.

1. I have en - tered the val - ley of blessing so sweet, And Je - sus a - bides with me there;

This system contains the first line of music, featuring a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

And His Spir - it and blood make my cleansing com - plete, And His per - fect love cast - eth out fear.

This system contains the second line of music, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

CHORUS.

Oh, come to this val - ley of bless - ing, so sweet, Where Je - sus will ful - ness be - stow, -

This system contains the third line of music, which begins the chorus. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Oh, be - lieve, and re - ceive, and con - fess Him, That all His sal - va - tion may know.

This system contains the fourth line of music, concluding the chorus. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

- 2 There is peace in the valley of blessing so sweet,
And plenty the land doth impart;
There is rest for the weary-worn traveler's feet,
And joy for the sorrowing heart.—*Cho.*
- 3 There is love in the valley of blessing so sweet,
Such as none but the blood-washed may feel;

When heaven comes down redeemed spirits to greet,
And Christ sets His covenant seal.—*Cho.*

- 4 There's a song in the valley of blessing, so sweet
That angels would fain join the strain,
As, with rapturous praises, we bow at His feet,
Crying, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain."—*Cho.*

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1869. *GO, LEAVE THY HEART WITH JESUS.* HUBERT P. MAIN. *from "Bright Jewels." by per.*

1. Go, leave thy heart with Je-sus, And tell Him all thy care; Go seek a throne of mer-cy, And find thy refuge

there; Tho' dim with tears of sor-row Thy wea-ry eyes may be, Look up, and trust in Je-sus, Who

bore thee cross for thee.

- 2 Go, leave thy sins with Jesus,
The life, the truth, the way;
Whose precious blood has cancell'd
The debt thou could'st not pay.
Thy faith must bring the blessing
Of peace, and pardon free,
Look up and trust in Jesus,
Who bore the cross for thee.

- 3 Go, leave thy fears with Jesus,
Thy hopes, thy love, thy all;
And then in calm submission
Await thy Father's call;
When angels hover round thee,
And earthly scenes decay,
O lean thy head on Jesus,
And breathe thy life away.

Rev. E. ADAMS.

Arr. from J. M. EVANS.
From "Bright Jewels," by per.

1. "Land a - head!" Its fruits are waving O'er the hills of fadeless green; And the liv - ing waters
2. On-ward, bark! the cape I'm rounding; See the blessed wave their hands; Hear the harps of God re -

CHORUS.

lav - ing Shores where heav'nly forms are seen. Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, When on
sounding From the bright immor - tal bands.

that e - ter - nal shore; Drop the an-chor! Furl the sail! I am safe within the vail!

3 There, let go the anchor, riding
On this calm and silv'ry bay;
Sea ward fast the tide is gliding,
Shores in sunlight stretch away.—*Cho.*

4 Now we're safe from all temptation,
All the storms of life are past;
Praise the Rock of our salvation,
We are safe at home at last!—*Cho.*

NO ONE KNOWS BUT JESUS.

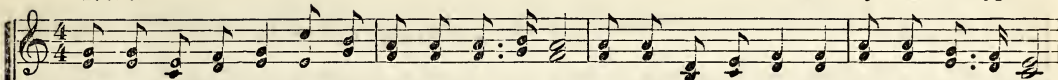
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F. J. C.

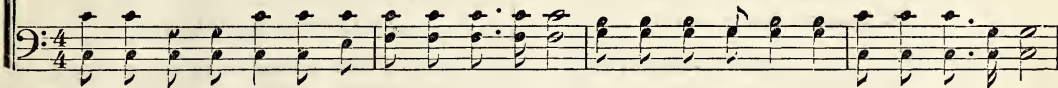
"O Lord, thou knowest."—Ps. xl: 9.

W. H. DOANE.

From "Royal Diadem," by per.

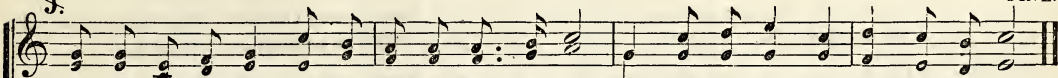


1. No one knows but Je - sus How sin-ful I have been ; No one knows but Je - sus All my heart within ;
2. No one knows but Je - sus How oft his name I plead ; No one knows but Je - sus Ev - ery thing I need ;
3. No one else like Je - sus So read - y to forgive—Pledge and promise broken Nearer him to live ;

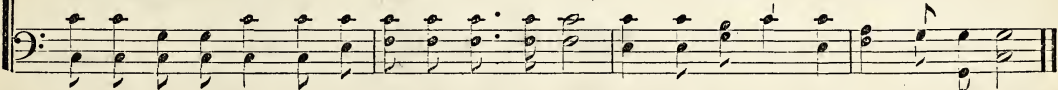


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FINE.



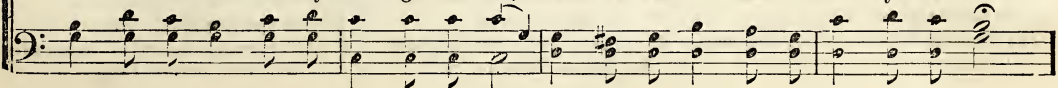
D.S. No one knows but Je - sus My conflicts day by day ; No one like Je - sus guid-eth my way.
 No one knows but Je - sus How humble I would be ; No one like Je - sus car-eth for me.
 No one knows but Je - sus The se - cret tears that fall ; No one like Je - sus hears when I call.



D. S.



No one like Je - sus Temp-ta - tion can feel ; No one like Je - sus my sor - row can heal.
 No one like Je - sus Will com - fort and cheer, P'it - y my weakness, and ban - ish my fear.
 No one but Je - sus My ref - uge shall be ; No one will love me so dear - ly as he.



E. P. H.



1 ||: Say, Christians, will you meet us, :||
On Canaan's happy shore?

2 ||: By the grace of God we'll meet you, :||
On Canaan's happy shore.

3 ||: Say, sinners, will you meet us, :||
On Canaan's happy shore?

4 ||: Trusting Jesus, we will meet you, :||
On Canaan's happy shore.

5 ||: Dear children, will you meet us, :||
On Canaan's happy shore?

6 ||: With our Saviour's help we'll meet you, :||
On Canaan's happy shore.

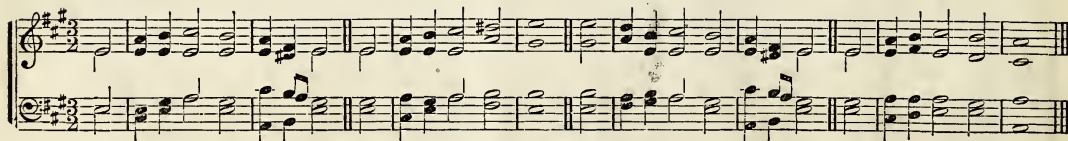
7 ||: Dear young Converts will you meet us, :||
Where parting is no more?

8 ||: There we'll praise our blessed Saviour, :||
On that bright blissful shore.

I. WATTS.

MELODY. C. M.

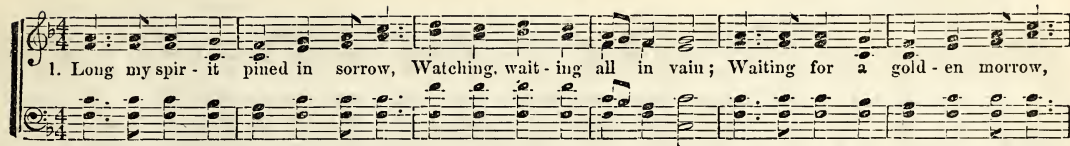
A. CHAPIN.



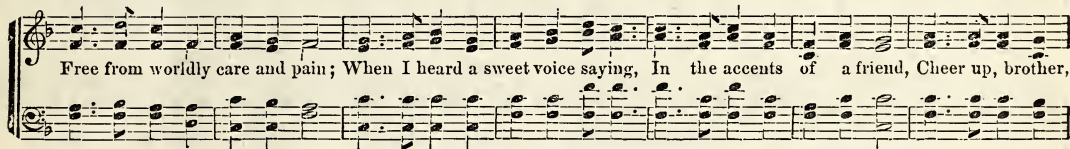
1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand, thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For He was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more that we can give
Be, Lord, forever Thine.

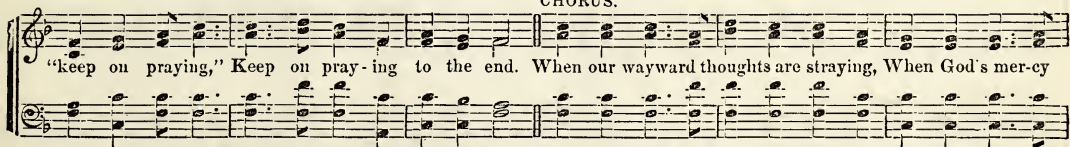


1. Long my spir - it pined in sorrow, Watch - ing, wait - ing all in vain; Wait - ing for a gold - en morrow,



Free from worldly care and pain; When I heard a sweet voice say - ing, In the accents of a friend, Cheer up, brother,

CHORUS.



"keep on pray - ing," Keep on pray - ing to the end. When our wayward thoughts are stray - ing, When God's mer - cy



seems de - lay - ing, Then in faith we'll keep on pray - ing, Keep on pray - ing, Keep on pray - ing to the end.

2 Ye, who sigh for holy pleasures,
Ye, who mourn your load of sin,
"Keep on praying," heavenly treasures
In the end you're sure to win;
Wrestle with the Lord of glory,
Lay your troubles at his feet,
Plead with faith in Calvary's story,
Till your joys are all complete.—*Cho.*

3 How the angel band rejoices
When a kneeling mortal prays;
Hear them cry, in heavenly voices,
"Keep on praying" all your days;
Pray until you reach fair Canaan,
Reach the pearly gates of day,
Then your bliss shall end in glory,
And shall never pass away.—*Cho.*

I. WATTS. 1707.

Music by S. J. VAIL, by per.

1. A-las! and did my Sav-iour bleed? And did my Sov-ereign die?... Would

CHORUS.
He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?... Je-sus died for you,

Je-sus died for me, Yes, Je-sus died for all mankind, Bless, God, sal-va-tion's free.

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!—*Cho.*

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ the mighty Maker died
For man the creature's sin.—*Cho.*

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.—*Cho.*

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.—*Cho.*

WHY WEEPEST THOU?

Rev. R. LOWRY.

29

From "Bright Jewels," by per.

With expression.

1. "Why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?" O, wouldst thou see our Je-sus? Be - hold Him near, He
 2. Why weepest thou, And seek-est thou, With doubting and re-pin - ing? O, lift thine eye! Thou
 3. Be-lieve him now; Receive Him now; Look up, with faith and meekness, To Je - sus' blood, Which
 4. Be-liev - est thou? Cease weeping now—Thy soul he will de-liv - er; The cross He bore; Our

REFRAIN.

marks each tear, Our bless-ed, lov - ing Je - sus. O, believe Him; O re-ceive Him—
 shalt de-scry His rai-ment, near thee, shin - ing.
 free - ly flowed For all thy sin and weak - ness.
 sins. He wore, And nailed them there for - ev - er.

There is none like Je - sus; He is near thee; He will cheer thee—On - ly trust in Je - sus.

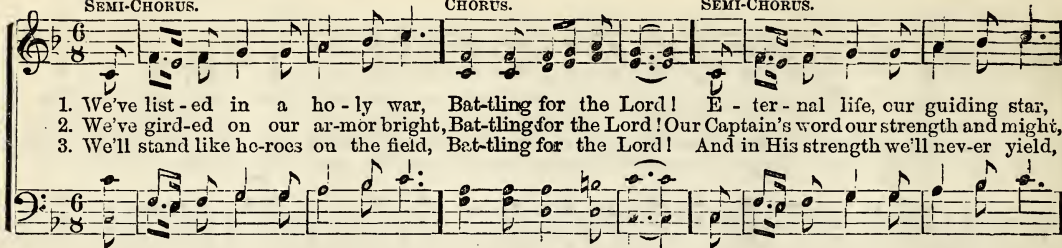
BATTLING FOR THE LORD.

T. E. PERKINS.
From "Songs of Salvation," by per.

SEMI-CHORUS.

CHORUS.

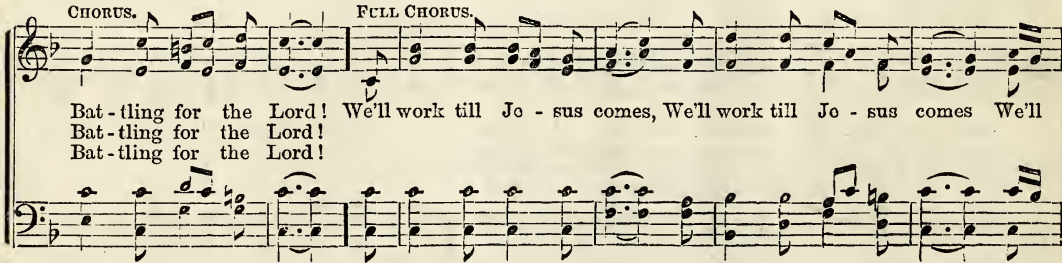
SEMI-CHORUS.



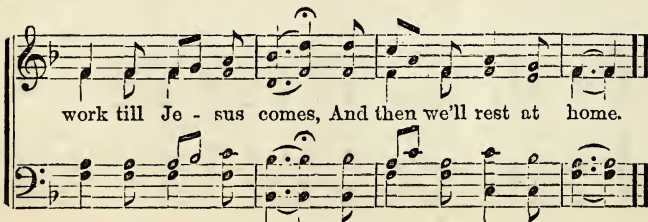
1. We've list-ed in a ho-ly war, Bat-ting for the Lord! E - ter-nal life, our guiding star,
 2. We've gird-ed on our ar-mor bright, Bat-ting for the Lord! Our Captain's word our strength and might,
 3. We'll stand like ho-ros on the field, Bat-ting for the Lord! And in His strength we'll nev-er yield,

CHORUS.

FULL CHORUS.



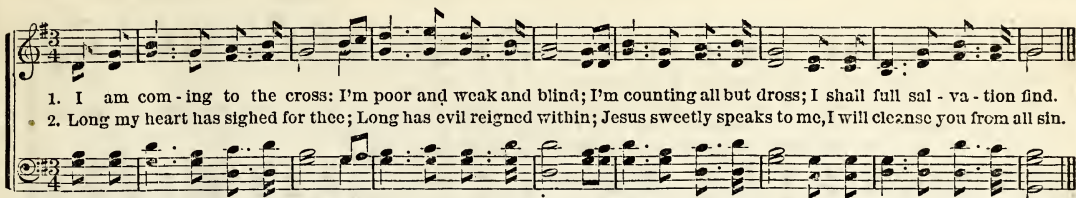
Bat-ting for the Lord! We'll work till Jo - sus comes, We'll work till Jo - sus comes We'll
 Bat-ting for the Lord!
 Bat-ting for the Lord!



work till Je - sus comes, And then we'll rest at home.

4 Though sin and death our way oppose,
 Battling for the Lord!
 Through grace we'll conquer all our foes,
 Battling for the Lord!—Cho.

5 And when our glorious war is o'er,
 Conqu'rors through the Lord!
 We'll shout salvation evermore,
 Conqu'rors through the Lord!—Cho



1. I am com-ing to the cross; I'm poor and weak and blind; I'm counting all but dross; I shall full sal - va - tion find.
 2. Long my heart has sighed for thee; Long has evil reigned within; Jesus sweetly speaks to me, I will cleanse you from all sin.

CHO.—I am trust-ing, Lord, in Thee; Dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry; Humbly at Thy cross I bow; Save me, Je-sus, save me now.

3 Here I give my all to thee,—
 Friends, and time, and earthly
 Soul and body Thine to be,— [store;
 Wholly Thine—forever more.—*Cho.*

4 In the promises I trust;
 Now I feel the blood applied;
 I am prostrate in the dust;
 I with Christ am crucified.—*Cho.*

5 Jesus come! He fills my soul!
 Perfected in love I am;
 I am every whit made whole;
 Glory, glory to the Lamb.—*Cho.*

CHRIST ALL AND IN ALL.

1 Saviour of the sin-sick soul,
 Give me faith to make me whole;
 Finish Thy great work of grace,
 Cut it short in righteousness.—*Cho.*

2 Speak the second time—Be clean,
 Take away my inbred sin;
 Every stumbling-block remove,
 Cast it out by perfect love.—*Cho.*

3 Nothing less will I require;
 Nothing more can I desire;
 None but Christ to me be given;
 None but Christ in Earth or
 [Heaven.—*Cho.*

4 O that I might now decrease;
 O that all I am might cease;
 Let me into nothing fall,
 Let my Lord be all in all.—*Cho.*
C. Wesley.

CHRIST IS ALL.

1 In Thy cross is all my plea,
 By Thy bonds am I made free,
 By Thy stripes my soul is healed,
 By Thy blood my pardon sealed.

2 By that cruel crown of thorns,
 Holy peace my brow adorns:
 By those mocking taunts and fears,
 I am saved from shame and tears.

3 Just, by Jesus justified,
 When beneath my sins He died!
 Righteous, by Thy righteousness,
 Thine own robe my perfect dress!

4 Perfect, by Thy perfect life;
 Peaceful, by Thy holy strife;
 Pure, by Jesus purified,
 In the fountain from Thy side.

5 Holy, by Thy holiness,
 Weary, by Thy weariness:
 By Thy sorrow I may sing;
 From Thy groans my pleasures
 spring.

6 Thou wast poor: how rich am I!
 Thou wast homeless, Jesus, why?
 Only that my soul might share
 Mansions here and mansions there!

7 By Thy rising I shall rise, [prize:
 Death must yield his transient
 Thine ascension, mine shall be!
 All Thy glory I shall see!

8 Cross of Christ here, *here* I fall,
 Pleading only, *CHRIST IS ALL*;
 This, my God, my Judge, shall be,
 At Thy bar *my only plea*.

CHORUS.

1. { Come, thou Fount of ev - 'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; }
 Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loudest praise. } I love Je - sus, Hal - le - lu - jah,
 2. { Je - sus sought me, when a stran - ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God; }
 He, to res - cue me from danger, In - terposed His pre - cious blood. }

I love Je - sus, yes, I do, I do love Je - sus, He's my Sav - iour, Je - sus smiles and loves me too.

3 O! to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee.—*Cho.*

4 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
 Prone to leave the God I love;
 Here's my heart, O, take and seal it;
 Seal it for Thy courts above.—*Cho.*

REJOICING IN CHRIST.

1 I have found a precious Saviour,
 He has washed my sins away;
 Now rejoicing in His favor,
 I am happy all the day.—*Cho.*

2 Lost in sin, I wandered, weary,
 Far from Jesus, far from home
 Till He came in love to cheer me,
 Sweetly calling, "Wanderer come!"—*Cho.*

3 Pardon full and free he offered,
 Showed His bleeding hands and side,
 Told me how for me He suffered,
 For my sins was crucified.—*Cho.*

4 Then my heart, with thanks o'erflowing,
 Yielded to His gracious call;
 At His feet in sorrow bowing,
 Gave to Him my life, my all.—*Cho.*

REST IN THEE.

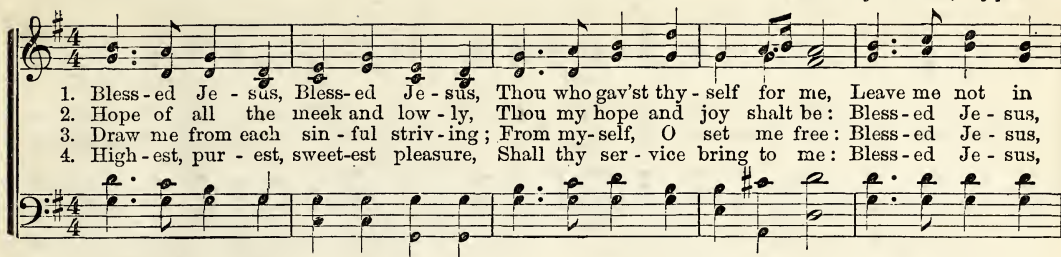
33

E. TURNEX, D. D.

"That in me ye might have peace."—John xvi: 33.

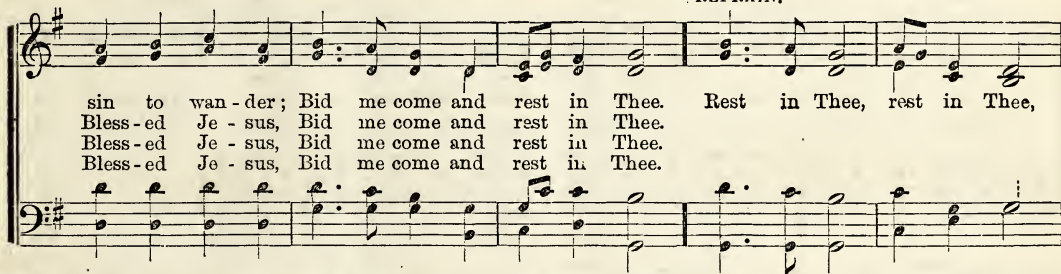
Rev. R. LOWRY.

From "Royal Diadem," by *per.*

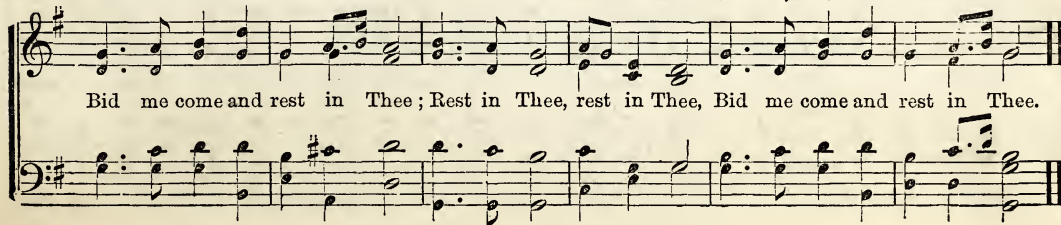


1. Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou who gav'st thy - self for me, Leave me not in
 2. Hope of all the meek and low - ly, Thou my hope and joy shalt be: Bless-ed Je - sus,
 3. Draw me from each sin - ful striv - ing; From my-self, O set me free: Bless-ed Je - sus,
 4. High - est, pur - est, sweet - est pleasure, Shall thy ser - vice bring to me: Bless-ed Je - sus,

REFRAIN.



sin to wan - der; Bid me come and rest in Thee. Rest in Thee, rest in Thee,
 Bless-ed Je - sus, Bid me come and rest in Thee.
 Bless-ed Je - sus, Bid me come and rest in Thee.
 Bless-ed Je - sus, Bid me come and rest in Thee.



Bid me come and rest in Thee; Rest in Thee, rest in Thee, Bid me come and rest in Thee.

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "Fresh Laurels," by per.

1. A - bove the waves of earth - ly strife, Above the ill - and cares of life, Where all is
 2. Where liv - ing foun - tains sweet - ly flow. Where buds and flowers in - mortal grow, Where trees their

CHORUS.

peace - ful, bright, and fair; My home is there, My home is there. My beau - ti - ful
 fruits ce - les - tial bear; My home is there. My home is there. My beau - ti - ful

My

home,..... My beau - ti - ful home,.... In the land where the glo - ri - fied ev - er shall
 beau - ti - ful home,.... My beau - ti - ful home, In the land where the glo - ri - fied ev - er shall

roam, Where an-gels bright ... wear crowns of light. ... My home is there, my home is there.

roam, Where angels, angels bright, wear crowns, wear crowns of light, My home is there, my home is there.

3 Away from sorrow, doubt and pair,
 Away from worldly loss and gain,
 From all temptation, tears and care;
 My home is there, my home is there.—*Cho.*

4 Beyond the bright and pearly gates,
 Where Jesus, loving Saviour, waits,
 Where all is peaceful, bright, and fair;
 My home is there, my home is there.—*Cho.*

GLORY TO THE LAMB!

Rev. B. W. GORHAM. *Arr.*

Slowly. **F** **FINE.** *D. S.*

1. The world is o - ver-come, by the blood of the Lamb! Glo - ry to the Lamb!
 D. s. Glo - ry to the Lamb. Glo - ry to the Lamb.

2. My sins are washed a - way, In the blood of the Lamb! Glo - ry to the Lamb!
 D. s. Glo - ry to the Lamb. Glo - ry to the Lamb.

3 I've washed my garments white,
 In the blood of the Lamb;
 Glory to the Lamb, &c.

4 I've lost the fear of death,
 Through the blood of the Lamb;
 Glory to the Lamb, &c.

5 The myrtys overcame,
 By the blood of the Lamb;
 Glory to the Lamb, &c.

6 I soon shall gain the skies,
 Through the blood of the Lamb;
 Glory to the Lamb, &c.

1. { Young people all, at-ten-tion give, While I address you in God's name, }
 { You who in sin and fol-ly live, Come hear the counsels of a friend: } I sought for bliss in glittering toys,

And rang'd the alluring scenes of vice, But nev-er found substantial joys Un-til I heard my Saviour's voice.

2 He spoke at once my sins forgiven,
 And took my load of guilt away,
 And gave me glory, peace, and heaven,
 And thus I found the good old way.
 And now, with trembling limbs, I see
 High billows roll beneath your feet,
 For death eternal waits for you,
 Who slight the force of Gospel truth.

3 Youth, like the spring, will soon be gone,
 By fleeting years, or conquering death;
 Your morning sun may set at noon,
 And God demand your mortal breath:
 Your sparkling eyes and blooming cheeks
 Must wither like the blasted rose,
 The coffin, earth, and winding-sheet
 Will soon your active limbs inclose.

ANGELS HOVERING ROUND.

1. There are angels hovering round, There are angels hovering round, There are an - gels, an - gels hovering round.

2 To carry the tidings home. To carry &c.

3 To the new Jerusalem. To the new, &c.

4 Poor sinners are coming home. Poor sinners, &c.

5 And Jesus bids them come. And Jesus, &c.

6 Repent, on Him believe. Repent, &c.

7 And His rich grace receive. And His rich, &c.

1. Can my soul find rest from sor-row, Can my sins for-giv-en be, Must I wait un-til to-
Will He lift this veil of

FINE. D. S. $\text{\text{ff}}$
morrow Ere my Saviour speaks to me? Will He speak in words of kindness? Will He wash away my sin?
blindness, And remove this deadly pain?

2 O, the darkness, how it thickens,
Like the brooding of despair!
And my soul within me sickens—
God, in mercy, hear my prayer!
Give me but a hope to cherish,
Give me just one ray of light—

Help me, save me, or I perish,
Take away this awful night!

3 Now He hears me, He will save me,
I behold His shining face,
Hear Him whisper He will have me,

O, the miracle of grace!
I will joy to tell the story
How He cometh from above—
Fills my soul, O, glory, glory!
With the blessings of His love.

1. Father, the storm is high, Dark clouds shut out the sky; Trembling to Thee I fly: Comfort and save.
2. Hark to the tempest's roar! O - pen to me the door; My con-fi-dence restore: Comfort and save.
3. O God! temptation's nigh; Sin clouds the a-zure sky; To Thee for aid I fly: Help and re-lieve.
4. Hear, Father! hear my cry; And if I live or die, Saviour, be ev-er nigh: Help and re-lieve.

Mrs. G. W. HINSDALE, 1865.

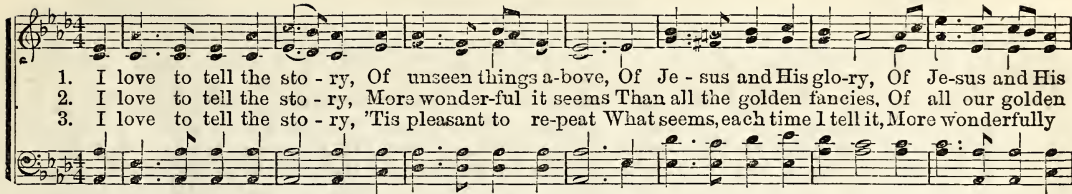
Rev. R. LOWRY.
From "Pure Gold," by *per.*

1. My soul complete in Jesus stands, It fears no more the law's demands ; The smile of God is sweet with
 2. My soul at rest in Jesus lives, Accepts the peace His pardon gives ; Receives the grace His death se-
 3. A song of praise my soul shall sing To our e - ter - nal, glorious King ; Shall worship humbly at His

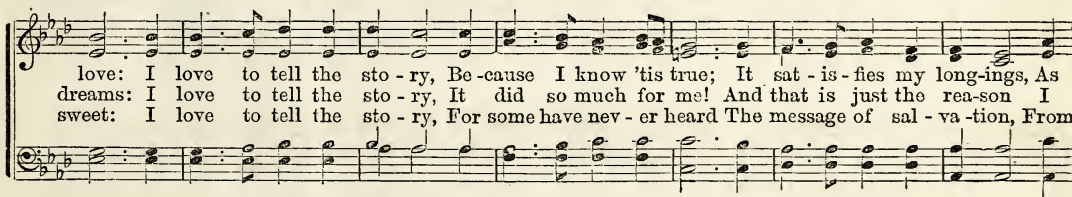
CHORUS.

in, Where all before was guilt and sin. He paid the debt for you, He paid the debt for me ; He brings the
 cur'd, And pleads the anguish He endured.
 feet, In whom a-lone it stands complete.

cap - tive lib - er - ty ; His truth can make the sin - ner free ; His blood was shed for you and me.

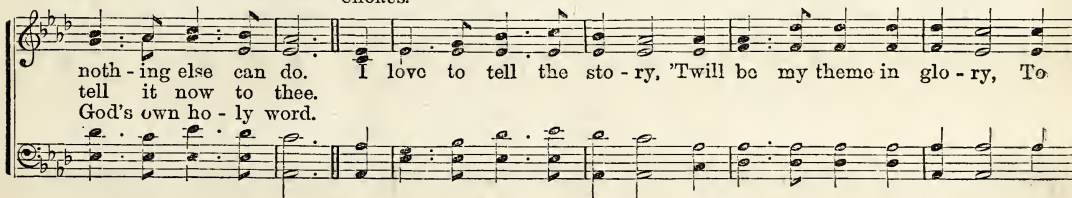


1. I love to tell the sto - ry, Of unseen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His
2. I love to tell the sto - ry, More wonder - ful it seems Than all the golden fancies, Of all our golden
3. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Tis pleasant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it, More wonderfully

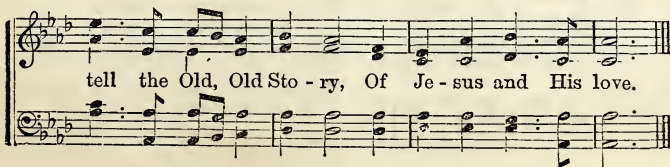


love: I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is - fies my long - ings, As
dreams: I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me! And that is just the rea - son I
sweet: I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard The message of sal - va - tion, From

CHORUS.



noth - ing else can do. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To
tell it now to thee.
God's own ho - ly word.



tell the Old, Old Sto - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.

4 I love to tell the story,
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the New, New Song,
'Twill be the Old, Old Story
That I have loved so long.—*Cho.*

FANNY CROSBY.

"And yet there is room."—Luko xiv : 22.

Rev. R. LOWRY.
From "Royal Diadem," by per.

1. Mourner, where-so - e'er thou art, *At the cross there's room;* Tell the bur - den of thy heart;
 2. Haste thee, wanderer, tar - ry not; *At the cross there's room;* Seek that con - se - cra - ted spot;
 3. Thoughtless sinner, come to - day; *At the cross there's room;* Hark! the Bride and Spir-it say,

At the cross there's room; Tell it in thy Sav-iour's ear, Cast a - way thy ev - ery fear,
At the cross there's room; Heav-y - la - den, sore oppressed, Love can soothe thy troubled breast;
At the cross there's room; Now a liv - ing foun-tain see, Opened there for you and me,

On - ly speak, and he will hear; *At the cross there's room.*
 In the Sav - iour find thy rest; *At the cross there's room.*
 Rich and poor, for bond and free; *At the cross there's room.*

4 Blessed thought! for every one
At the cross there's room;
 Love's atoning work is done;
At the cross there's room;
 Streams of boundless mercy flow,
 Free to all who thither go;
 O that all the world might know,
At the cross there's room!

THE BRIGHT FOREVER.

"At thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."—Psalm xvi. : 11

1. Break-ing thro' the clouds that gather O'er the Christian's natal skies, Distant beams like floods of glory,
 2. Yet a lit - tle while we lin - ger, Ere we reach our journey's end; Yeta lit - tle while to la - bor,
 3. O the bliss of life e - ter - nal! O the long un-bro-ken rest! In the gold-en fields of pleasure,

Fill the soul with glad surprise; And we al-most hear the ech - o Of the pure and ho - ly throng,
 Ere the even-ing shades descend; Then we'll lay us down to slumber, But the night will soon be o'er;
 In the re - gion of the blest; But, to see our dear Re-deem-er, And be - fore His throne to fall,—

CHORUS.

In the bright, the bright forev-er, In the sum-mer-land of song. On the banks beyond the riv - er.
 In the bright, the bright forev-er, We shall wake to sleep no more.
 There to hear His gracious welcome—Will be sweeter far than all.

ritard.
 We shall meet no more to sev-er; In the bright, the bright forev-er, In the summer-land of song.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.
From "Bright Jewels," by permission.

1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre-cious foun-tain, Free to all, a heal-ing stream,
2. Near the cross, a trembling soul, Love and mer-cy found me; There the bright and morning star

CHORUS.

Flows from Calvary's moun-tain. In the Cross, In the Cross Be my glo-ry ev - er, Till my raptured
Shed its beams a-round me.

soul shall find Rest be-yond the riv - er.

- 3 Near the Cross! oh Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadow o'er me.—*Cho.*
- 4 Near the cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river.—*Cho.*

NEAR TO JESUS.

1 Jesus, am I near to thee?
Then, no more delaying,
I must in the vineyard be,
Watching, working, praying.
Cho.—In the Cross, &c.

2 Every heart that's near to thee,
Is for sinners seeking;
All their bitter need doth see,
Is for them entreating.
Cho.—In the Cross, &c.

3 Near to Jesus all the time,
He will leave me never;
I am his and he is mine,
I am safe forever.
Cho.—In the Cross, &c.

1. Oh! hap-py day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Sav-iour and my God! Well may this
 2. 'Tis done, the great trans-ac-tions done; I am my Lord's and he is mine; He drew me,
 3. Now rest, my long di-vid-ed heart; Fixed on this bliss-ful cen-tre, rest, Nor ev-er

CHORUS.

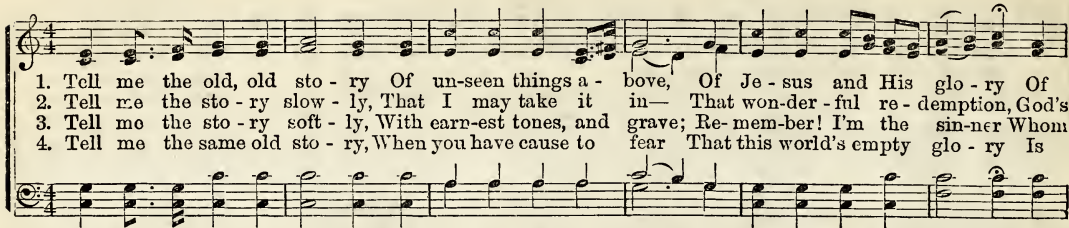
glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus
 and I followed on, Charm'd to con-fess the voice di-vine.
 from thy Lord de-part; With him of eve-ry good possessed.

FINE. *D. S.*

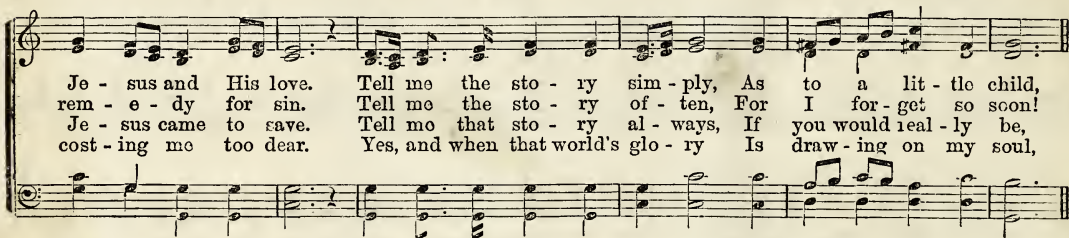
washed my sins a-way; He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic-ing ev-ry day;

COME, SINNERS.

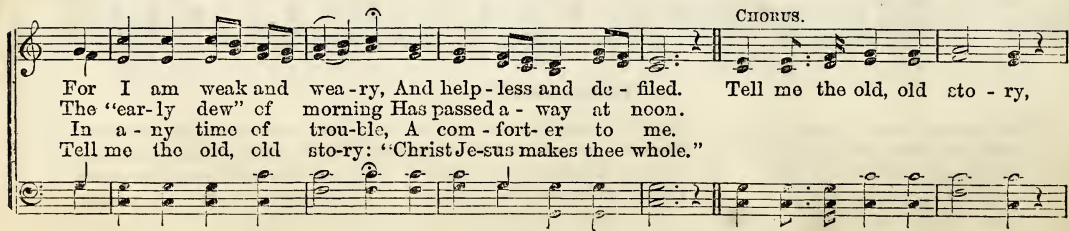
- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| <p>1 Come, sinners, view the Lamb of God,
 Wounded and dead, and bathed in blood;
 Behold his side, and venture near,
 The well of endless life is here.
 <i>Cho.</i>—Happy day, happy day, &c.</p> | <p>2 Here we forget our cares and pains,
 We drink, yet still our thirst remains:
 Only the Fountain-head above
 Can satisfy the thirst of love.
 <i>Cho.</i>—Happy day, happy day, &c.</p> | <p>3 His Name dispels our guilt and fear,
 Revives our heart and charms our ear;
 Affords a balm for every wound,
 And Satan trembles at the sound.
 <i>Cho.</i>—Happy day, happy day, &c.</p> |
|---|---|--|



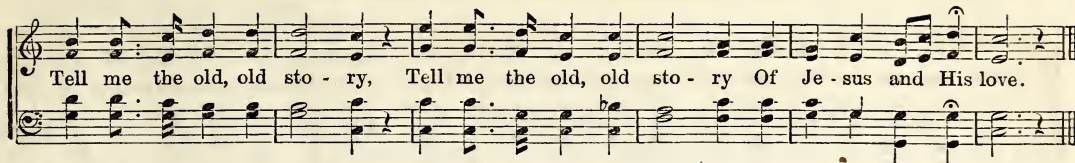
1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of un-seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry Of
 2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in — That won - der - ful re - demption, God's
 3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With earn - est tones, and grave; Re - mem - ber! I'm the sin - ner Whom
 4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That this world's empty glo - ry Is



Je - sus and His love. Tell me the sto - ry sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child,
 rem - e - dy for sin. Tell me the sto - ry of - ten, For I for - get so soon!
 Je - sus came to save. Tell me that sto - ry al - ways, If you would real - ly be,
 cost - ing me too dear. Yes, and when that world's glo - ry Is draw - ing on my soul,



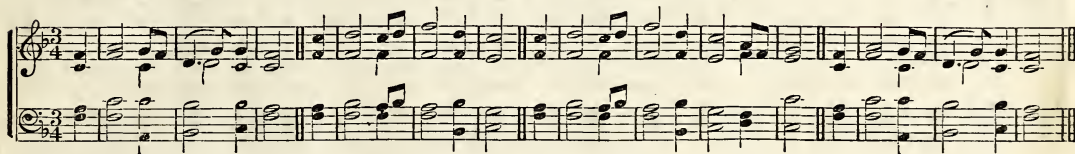
CHORUS.
 For I am weak and wea - ry, And help - less and de - filed. Tell me the old, old sto - ry,
 The "ear - ly dew" of morning Has passed a - way at noon.
 In a - ny time of trou - ble, A com - fort - er to me.
 Tell me the old, old sto - ry: "Christ Je - sus makes thee whole."



B. BEDDOME. 1789.

GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

A. CHAPIN.



COMPASSION FOR SINNERS.

- 1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears
Angels with wonder see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

THE THRONE OF GRACE.

- 1 Behold the throne of grace;
The promise calls us near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.
- 2 Thine image, Lord, bestow,—
Thy presence and thy love,—
That we may serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.
- 3 Teach us to live by faith,—
Conform our wills to thine;
Let us victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

GRIEVE NOT THE SPIRIT.

- 1 And can'st thou, sinner, slight
The call of love divine?
Shall God, with tenderness invite,
And gain no thought of thine?
- 2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve
The Spirit from thy breast,
Till he thy wretched soul shall leave
With all thy sins opprest?
- 3 To-day, a pard'ning God
Will hear the suppliant pray;
To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood
Will wash thy guilt away.

*Spirited.*ISAAC B. WOODBURY. *By permission*

1. Ho! reap-ers of life's har-vest, Whystand with rust-ed blade, Un-til the night draws round thee, And
 2. Thrust in your sharpened sick-le, And gath-er in the grain, The night is fast approaching, And
 3. Come down from hill and mountain In morn-ing's rud-dy glow, Nor wait un-til the di-al, Points

day be-gins to fade? Why stand ye i-dle, wait-ing For reap-ers more to come? The
 soon will come a-gain. The Mas-ter calls for reap-ers, And shall he call in vain? Shall
 to the noon be-low; And come with the strong si-new, Nor faint in heat or cold, And

gold-en morn is pass-ing, Why sit ye i-dle, dumb?
 sheaves lie there un-gath-ered, And waste up-on the plain?
 pause not till the evening Draws round its wealth of gold.

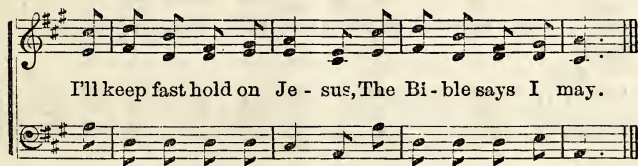
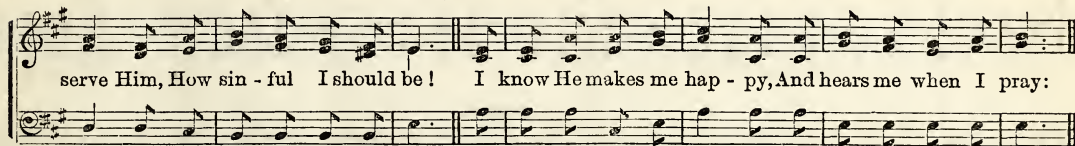
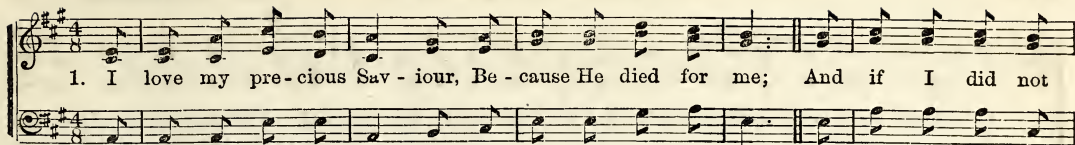
4 Mount up the heights of Wisdom,
 And crush each error low;
 Keep back no words of knowledge
 That human heart should know.
 Be faithful to thy mission,
 In service of thy Lord;
 And then a golden chaplet,
 Shall be thy just reward.

GO THOU IN LIFE'S MORNING.

1 Go thou in life's fair morning—
 Go in the bloom of youth;
 And buy, for thy adorning,
 The precious pearl of truth;
 Secure this heavenly treasure,
 And bind it on thine heart,
 And let not earthly pleasure
 E'er cause it to depart.

2 Go, while the day star shineth,
 Go, while thy heart is light;
 Go, ere thy strength declineth,
 While every sense is bright.
 Sell all thou hast, and buy it;
 'Tis worth all earthly things,
 Rubies, and gold, and diamonds,
 Scepters and crowns of kings.

3 Go, ere the clouds of sorrow
 Steal o'er the bloom of youth;
 Defer not till to-morrow,
 Go now, and buy the truth.
 Go seek thy great Creator,
 Learn early to be wise;
 Go, place upon his altar
 A morning sacrifice.



USEFULNESS.

3 Though I can do but little,
Yet I will always try
To tell some little children
How Jesus came to die.
God help me to be useful
In all I do or say!
I mean to work for Jesus,
The Bible says I may.

HAPPINESS.

4 And while I'm loving Jesus,
I feel so glad to know,
That making others happy
Will make me happy too.
When others hear me singing,
I'll not forget to say,
"You too can be as happy,
The Bible says you may."

HOLINESS.

2 Dear Saviour, make me holy;
Let me be gentle, mild,
Obedient, loving, lowly,
A truly Christ-like child.
Yes! still though Satan tempt me,
And make me sad, I'll say,
"I long to be like Jesus,
The Bible says I may."

HEAVEN.

5 And since I've found my Saviour,
The first link in the chain,
I'll trust in Him for ever,
Till heaven at last I gain.
I love that blessed country
Where tears are wiped away;
I want to live with Jesus
The Bible says I may.

1. There is no love like the love of Je - sus, Nev - er to fade or fall, Till in - to the fold of the
D. S. Oh, turn to that love, weary

peace of God, He has gathered us all. Je - sus' love, precious love, Boundless and pure and free;
wand'ring soul, Je - sus pleadeth for thee.

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

2 There is no heart like the heart of Jesus,
Filled with a tender love ;
No throb nor throe that our hearts can know,
But He feels it above.—*Cho.*

3 There is no eye like the eye of Jesus,
Piercing so far away ;
Ne'er out of the sight of its tender light,
Can the wanderer stray.—*Cho.*

4 There is no voice like the voice of Jesus,
Tender and sweet its chime,
Like musical ring of a flowing spring,
In the bright summer time.—*Cho.*

5 Oh, let us hark to the voice of Jesus ;
Oh, may we never roam,
Till safe we rest on His loving breast,
In the dear heavenly home.—*Cho.*

WE SHALL MEET.

 HUBERT P. MAIN, Feb. 15th, 1867.
 From "Bright Jewels," by per.

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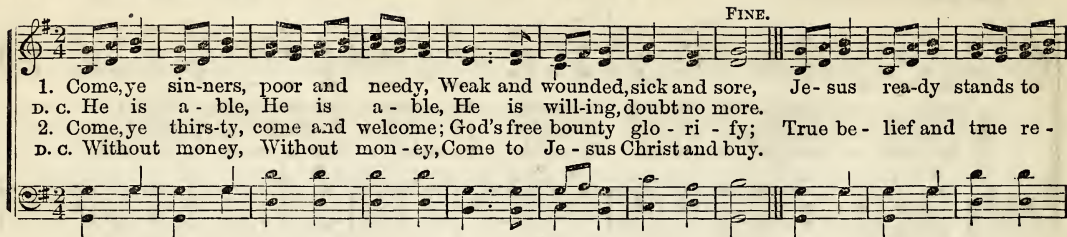
1. We shall meet be-yond the riv - er, By-and-by, By-and-by ; And the darkness shall be o - ver,
 2. We shall strike the harps of glo - ry, By-and-by, By-and-by ; We shall sing redemption's sto-ry,
 3. We shall see and be like Je - sus, By-and-by, By-and-by ; Who a crown of life will give us,

By - and-by, By - and-by ; With the toil - some jour - ney done, And the glo - rious bat - tle won,
 By - and-by, By - and-by ; And the strains for - ev - er - more, Shall re-sound in sweet-ness o'er
 By - and-by, By - and-by ; And the an - gels who ful - fill, All the mandates of His will,

We shall shine forth as the sun, By-and-by, By-and-by.
 Yon - der ev - er - last - ing shore, By-and-by, By-an - ly.
 Shall at - tend and love us still, By-and-by, By-and-by.

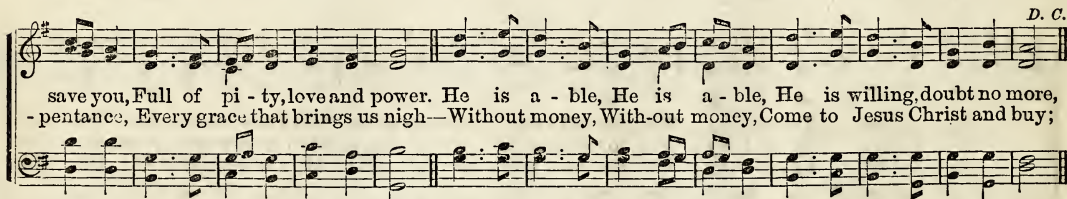
4 There our tears shall all cease flowing,
 By-and by, by-and-by ;
 And with sweetest rapture knowing,
 By-and-by, by-and-by ;
 All the blest ones who have gone
 To the land of life and song,
 We with shoutings shall rejoin,
 By-and-by, by and-by.

FINE.



1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore, Je- sus rea-dy stands to
 D. C. He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will-ing, doubt no more.
 2. Come, ye thirs-ty, come and welcome; God's free bounty glo - ri - fy; True be - lief and true re -
 D. C. Without money, Without mon-ey, Come to Je - sus Christ and buy.

D. C.



save you, Full of pi - ty, love and power. He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is willing, doubt no more,
 - pen-tance, Every grace that brings us nigh—Without money, With-out money, Come to Jesus Christ and buy;

3 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
 Lost and ruined by the fall;
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all:
 Not the righteous—
 Sinners, Jesus came to call.

4 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness He requireth,
 Is to feel your need of Him:
 This He gives you—
 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo! your Maker prostrate lies;
 On the bloody tree behold Him;
 Hear Him cry before He dies,
 "It is finished!"
 Sinners, will not this suffice?

WELCOME TO THE SAVIOUR.

1 Welcome, welcome, dear Redeemer—
 Welcome to this heart of mine;
 Lord! I make a full surrender,
 Every power and thought be Thine,
 Thine entirely,—
 Through eternal ages Thine.

2 Known to all to be Thy mansion,
 Earth and hell will disappear;
 Or in vain attempt possession,
 When they find the Lord is near;—
 Shout, O Zion!
 Shout, ye saints! the Lord is here.

DEPTH OF MERCY.

51

C. WESLEY. 1740.

ENGLISH.

CHORUS.



1. { Depth of mer-cy! can there be Mer-cy still re-served for me? }
 Can my God his wrath for-bear? Me the chief of sin-ners, spare? } God is love! I
 know, I feel; Je-sus weeps, and loves me still; Je-sus weeps, he weeps and loves me still.

2 I have long withstood His grace;
 Long provoked Him to His face;
 Would not hearken to His calls;
 Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

Cho.—God is love, &c.

3 Now incline me to repent;
 Let me now my sins lament;
 Now my foul revolt deplore,
 Weep, believe, and sin no more.

Cho.—God is love, &c.

4 Kindled His relentings are;
 Me, He now delights to spare;
 Cries, How shall I give Thee up?
 Lets the lifted thunder drop.

Cho.—God is love, &c.

CROWN HIM.

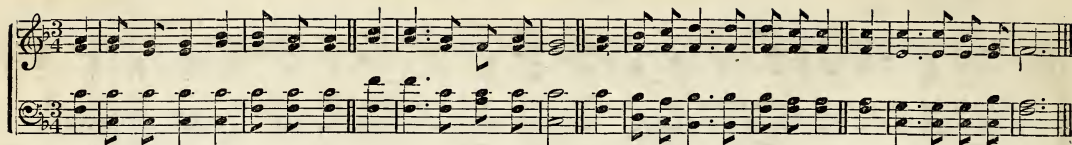
1 Look, ye saints! the sight is glorious;
 See the "Man of Sorrows" now!
 From the fight returned victorious,
 Every knee to Him shall bow;
 Crown Him! crown Him!
 Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour! angels! crown Him!
 Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
 In the seat of power enthrone Him,
 While the heavenly concave rings;
 Crown Him! crown Him!
 Crown the Saviour, "King of kings!"

3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
 Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
 Saints and angels! crowd around Him,
 Own His title, praise His name:
 Crown Him! crown Him!
 Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

"Tune on page 50."

Thomas Kelly. 1804.



1 My Jesus, I would ne'er forget
That hour I spent with Thee;
When there I saw Thy bloodysweat
In dark Gethsemane.

Cho.—I'll ne'er forget, I'll ne'er forget,
I'll ne'er forgetful be,
When there I saw Thy bloody
In dark Gethsemane. [*sweat*]

2 'Twas in that olive press I felt
That Thou didst bleed for me;
Alas! how great I saw my guilt,
While in Gethsemane.—*Cho.*

3 I thought of how Thy heart did
throb,
While 'all' Thine own did flee,
And left Thee with the cruel mob,
In sad Gethsemane.—*Cho.*

4 'Twas there I felt my guilt and
In oft forsaking Thee; [*shame*]
How precious was Thy very name
In dear Gethsemane.—*Cho.*

5 Should e'er our love to Thee grow
cold,
And we forgetful be,
We'll call to mind Thy love untold
While in Gethsemane.—*Cho.*

HOW SWEET THE NAME.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus
sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his
wounds,
And drives away his fear.

Cho.—Help me, dear Saviour, Thee
to own,
And ever faithful be;
And when Thou sittest on Thy
throne,
Dear Lord, remember me.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And for the weary, rest.—*Cho.*

3 By Thee my prayers acceptance
Although with sin defiled; [*gain*],
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.—*Cho.*

4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian,
Friend!
My Prophet, Priest, and King!
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End!
Accept the praise I bring.—*Cho.*

John Newton. 1779.

OPEN MINE EYES.

1 Open my eyes, O Lord, to see
My lost and wretched state;
Show me my guilt and misery,
While at Thy feet I wait.

Cho.—Help me, dear Saviour, Thee
to own,
And ever faithful be;
And when Thou sittest on Thy
throne,
Dear Lord, remember me.

2 Help me to hear th'expiring groans
Of Jesus on the tree;
'This blood for all thy sin atones—
'Tis finished' all for thee.—*Cho.*

3 O how can I neglect such love,
So freely shown to me,
In Jesus dying on the cross,
From sin to set me free!—*Cho.*

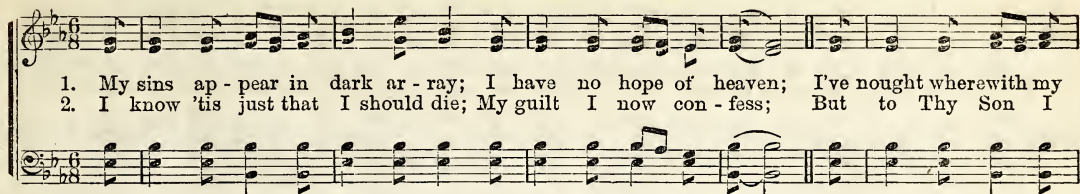
4 I know there's no escape for me
If I should still deny
My Lord, who bled on Calvary
To raise my hopes on high.—*Cho.*

5 Dear Saviour, now to Thee I fly
From slavery and guilt;
My hopes, my all, on Thee rely—
Thy blood for me was spilt.—*Cho.*

E. P. H.

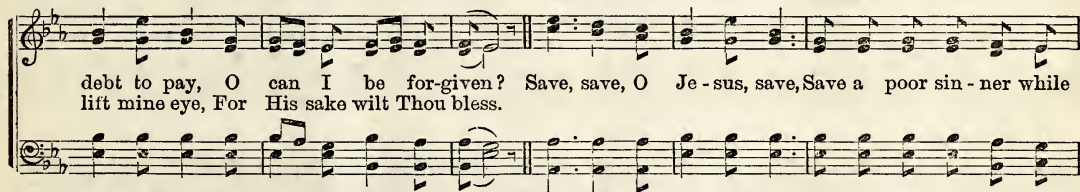
SAVE, O JESUS, SAVE!

S. C. FOSTER.
By permission O. Diltson & Co.

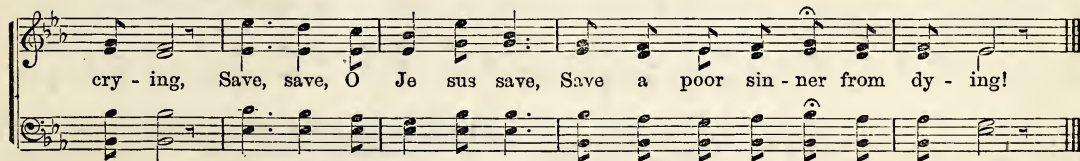


1. My sins ap - pear in dark ar - ray; I have no hope of heaven; I've nought wherewith my
2. I know 'tis just that I should die; My guilt I now con - fess; But to Thy Son I

CHORUS.



debt to pay, O can I be for-given? Save, save, O Je - sus, save, Save a poor sin - ner while
lift mine eye, For His sake wilt Thou bless.



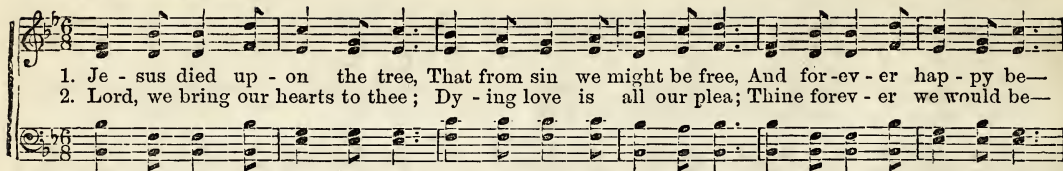
cry - ing, Save, save, O Je sus save, Save a poor sin - ner from dy - ing!

3 In His own body on the tree,
He bore my guilt and shame;
'Twas there He suffered death for me,
I plead alone His name. — *Cho.*

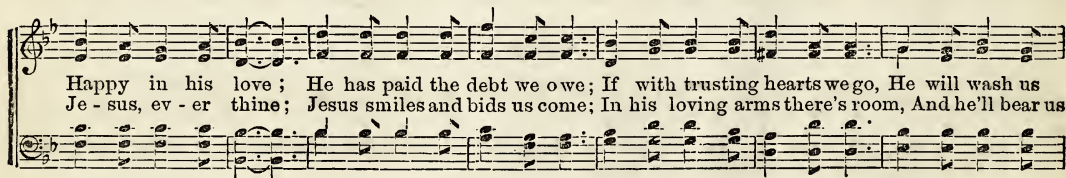
4 Thy law would shut me up in hell;
But thanks, O God, to Thee,
My Saviour died that I might tell
How grace can make me free. — *Cho.*

ANNIE WITTENMYER.

Music by WM. G. FISCHER. By per.

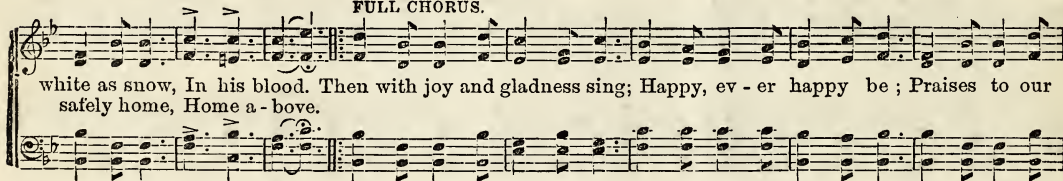


1. Je - sus died up - on the tree, That from sin we might be free, And for - ev - er hap - py be—
 2. Lord, we bring our hearts to thee; Dy - ing love is all our plea; Thine forev - er we would be—

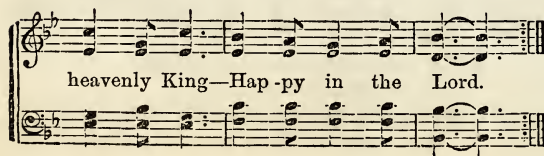


Happy in his love; He has paid the debt we owe; If with trusting hearts we go, He will wash us
 Je - sus, ev - er thine; Jesus smiles and bids us come; In his loving arms there's room, And he'll bear us

FULL CHORUS.



white as snow, In his blood. Then with joy and gladness sing; Happy, ev - er happy be; Praises to our
 safely home, Home a - bove.



heavenly King—Hap - py in the Lord.

3 When we reach that shining shore,
 All our suffering will be o'er,
 And we'll sigh and weep no more,
 In that land of love;
 But in robes of spotless white,
 And with crowns of glory bright,
 We will range the fields of light,
 Evermore. *Cho.*

CAST THE NET.

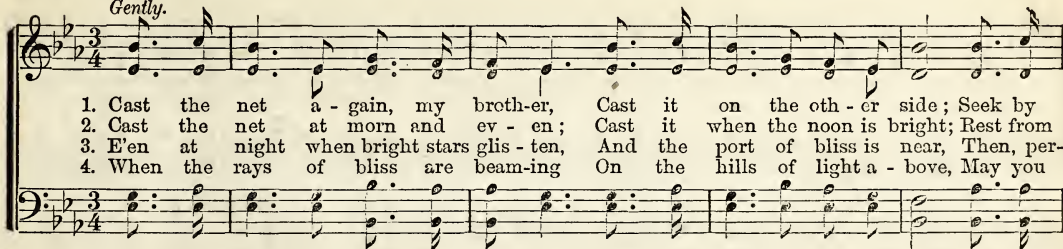
55

Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

"Cast the net on the right side of the ship."—John xxi: 6.

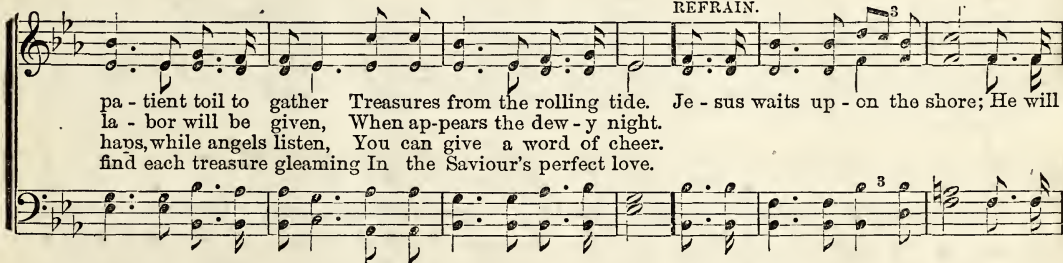
HUBERT P. MAIN.
From "Royal Diadem," by per.

Gently.

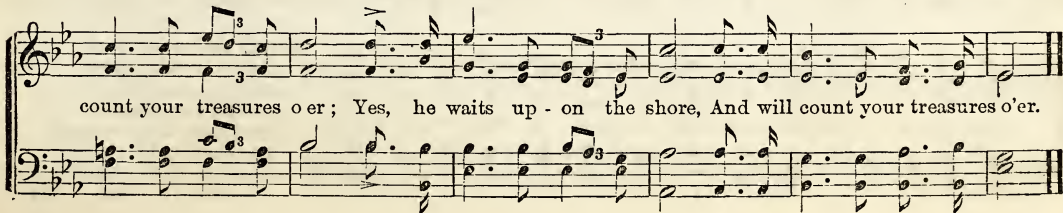


1. Cast the net a - gain, my broth-er, Cast it on the oth - er side; Seek by
2. Cast the net at morn and ev - en; Cast it when the noon is bright; Rest from
3. E'en at night when bright stars glis - ten, And the port of bliss is near, Then, per-
4. When the rays of bliss are beam-ing On the hills of light a - bove, May you

REFRAIN.



pa - tient toil to gather Treasures from the rolling tide. Je - sus waits up - on the shore; He will
la - bor will be given, When ap-pears the dew - y night.
haps, while angels listen, You can give a word of cheer.
find each treasure gleaming In the Saviour's perfect love.



count your treasures o'er; Yes, he waits up - on the shore, And will count your treasures o'er.

Words by WM. F. SHERWIN, 1869.

Music by WM. F. SHERWIN.
From "Bright Jewels," by per.

1. Sound the bat-tle cry! See! the foe is nigh; Raise the standard high For the Lord; Gird your armor on,
2. Strong to meet the foe, Marching on we go, While our cause we know Must prevail; Shield and banner bright

CHORUS. *ff*
Stand firm ev - ery one; Rest your cause up - on His ho - ly word. Rouse then, soldiers!
Gleaming in the light; Battling for the right We ne'er can fail.

ral - ly round the banner! Ready, steady, pass the word a - long; Onward, forward,

shout aloud Hosannah! Christ is Captain of the mighty throng.

3 Oh! thou God of all,
Hear us when we call;
Help us one and all
By thy grace;
When the battle's done,
And the vict'ry won,
May we wear the crown
Before thy face. *Chc.*

Thus writes a little girl, only ten years of age. Though so young, she felt herself to be a sinner. Have you, my little friend, been led to see that you too are a sinner? Have you ever thought how it was that your sins nailed the dear Saviour to the cross? I pray that you, like this little child, may be able to say, "Jesus, forgive my sins," and then you will love to sing the words which I have supposed her to utter.

merely came to hear some stories; but I began to feel very differently, before I came out, when one of the kind ministers asked me if I loved Jesus. I told him I did; but I am afraid I told him a lie: but when I went out, I began to think about my sins, and I prayed to Jesus to forgive me my sins, and he did so, and now I feel happier than I did before. Will you pray for me that I may never go back?

"DEAR FRIEND:—When I first came to those meetings, I

"Your little friend, ten years of age."

E. P. HAMMOND.

Written for this Work.

HUBERT P. MAIN, *by per.*

1. I'm thinking of my sins, What wicked things I've done, How ve-ry naughty I have been, Although I am so young.
2. How wick-ed is my heart, How can I be forgiven, Should I with earth be called to part, I could not sing in heaven.

3 But Jesus He has died
For little ones like me;
He on the cross was crucified,
From sin to set me free.

4 With all my load of sin,
I'll go to Jesus' feet,
I'll tell Him all, how bad I've been,
His mercy I'll entreat.

5 I know my prayer He'll hear,
He'll fill my heart with love,
He'll drive away my guilty fear,
And take me home above.

A PRAYER.

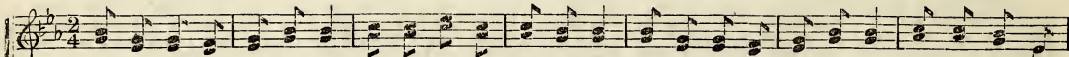
Tune "Meribah," page 106.

1 When Thou, my righteous Judge shall come
To bring Thy ransom'd people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at Thy right hand?
2 I love to meet among them now,
Before Thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all:
But can I bear the piercing thought—
What if my name should be left out,
When Thou for them shalt call?


3 Prevent, prevent it by Thy grace;
Be Thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,
In this the accepted day:
Thy pardoning voice, oh let me hear!
To still my unbelieving fear;
Nor let me fall, I pray.
4 Let me among Thy saints be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
To see Thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mausions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

Miss ANNA WARNER.

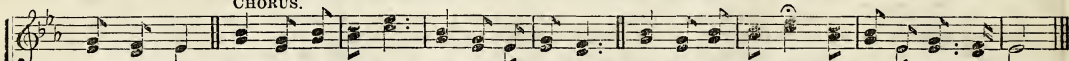
"We love Him because He first loved us."—1 John iv. 19.

WM. B. BRADBURY. *By per.*


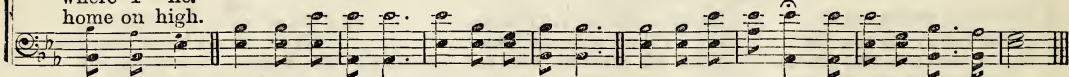
1. Jesus loves me! this I know, For the Bi-ble tells me so; Lit-tle ones to Him belong, They are weak, but
 2. Jesus loves me! He who died, Heaven's gate to o-pen wide; He will wash a-way my sin, Let His lit-tle
 3. Jesus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm very weak and ill; From his shi-ning throne on high, Comes to watch me
 4. Jesus loves me! He will stay, Close beside me all the way; If I love Him when I die He will take me



CHORUS.



He is strong. Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me, The Bi-ble tells me so.
 child come in.
 where I lie.
 home on high.



JESUS "LIFTED UP."

John 12-32,

- 1 Jesus from His throne on high
 Came into this world to die—
 That I might from sin be free
 Bled and died upon the tree.
Cho.—Yes, Jesus loves me. etc.
- 2 I can see Him even now,
 With his piercé'd, thorn-clad brow,
 Agonizing on the tree;
 Oh! what love, and all for me!
Cho.—Yes, Jesus loves me, etc.
- 3 Now I feel this heart of stone
 Drawn to love God's holy Son,
 "Lifted up" on Calvary,
 Suffering death and shame for me.
Cho.—Yes, Jesus loves me, etc.

- 4 Jesus, take this heart of mine,
 Make it pure and wholly Thine;
 Thou hast bled and died for me,
 I will henceforth live for Thee.
Cho.—Yes, Jesus loves me, etc.

E. P. H.

JESUS LOVES ME.

- 1 Jesus loved me when He died,
 Hated, mocked, and crucified,
 Died my punishment to bear,
 Died to take away my fear.
Cho.—Yes, Jesus loves me, etc.
- 2 Jesus loved me day by day,
 When I did not love or pray;
 Then He drew me to believe,
 And eternal life receive.
Cho.—Yes, Jesus loves me, etc.

- 3 He who made me love His name,
 Safe will keep His feeble lamb;
 Once for me His life He gave,
 Now He lives to bless and save.
Cho.—Yes, Jesus loves me, etc.
- 4 This my endless joy will be,
 I love Him and He loves me;
 He is my Almighty friend,
 Never will His kindness end:
Cho.—Yes, Jesus loves me.
- 5 Nought His mercy shall remove,
 Never will He cease to love;
 He will love me till I die,
 He will love eternally.
Cho.—Yes, Jesus loves me, etc.

Rev. Baptist Noel, 1868.

("I LOVE TO SING 'JUST NOW.'")

It is not strange that the little child of seven years, who wrote these words, should love to sing about Jesus. There was once a little girl who, President Edwards believes, was led to Jesus when she was only four years old; and, before she was six years old, this good man wrote an account of her conversion, which was republished in England. For sixty years she lived to honor her Saviour. *This* little one talks as if she were one of the lambs of Jesus. She says: "I am happy. I have been sorry that I was such a sinner. I have loved Jesus ever since the meetings commenced, and I hope I shall love him till I die. I have been singing ever since the meetings began. I love 'Just now' the best of all. Your little friend, * * * seven years old."

1 "Precious Jesus, he is mine!"
Since I heard His loving call
I've been singing all the time,
One sweet hymn is best of all.
Cho.—||: Yes, Jesus loves me, ||
The Bible tells me so.

2 Yes, I love to sing "Just now,"
Jesus is in every line;
Since I saw His thorn-clad brow,
I've been happy all the time.—*Cho.*

3 Oh! that all my little friends
Would to Jesus come "just now!"
He would wash away their sins,
Lighting up with joy each brow.
Cho.—||: Yes, come to Jesus, ||
Oh! come to Him just now!"
E. P. H.

"I CAN SING WITH ALL MY HEART."

THESE are the words of a little girl of eleven summers, who says in her letter: "I wish to tell you the way I gave my heart to the Saviour. When I went to your meetings, and heard you tell of the love of Jesus, I could not stand it any longer, so I gave myself up to Jesus. I prayed this evening that he would take me just as I was. I can now sing with all my heart, 'I love Jesus, yes, I do.'"

1 I can sing with all my heart,
"I love Jesus, yes, I do;"
I have chosen Him my "part,"
He has made my heart all new.
Cho.—||: Yes, I love Jesus, ||
I know, I know I do.

2 When I hear of Jesus' love,
How to rescue me He dies,
Then my stubborn heart is moved,
Tears gush from my weeping eyes.
Cho.—Yes, I love Jesus, &c.

3 Oh! how can I longer stay,
Jesus bids me come to Him;
I will give myself away,
He will wash away my sin.
Cho.—Yes, I love Jesus, &c.

4 Oft my sins have troubled me,
Then a cloud was on my brow;
Now my Saviour I can see,
And I'm very happy now.
Cho.—Yes, I love Jesus, &c.

E. P. H.

CHILD DRAWN TO JESUS.

1 May a little child like me,
Praise and glory give to Thee?
Wilt Thou hear me when I pray,
Father, bless me day by day.
Cho.—||: Yes, Jesus loves me, ||
The Bible tells me so.

2 Yes, the Bible tells me so,
Yes, I may to Jesus go;
I will go to him to-day,
Never, never go away.—*Cho.*

3 I love Jesus, yes, I do, [too;
Won't you come and love Him
Come to-day, He says to thee,
Little child come unto Me.—*Cho.*

4 Jesus, sweetest name to me,
Help me Thy dear child to be;
Bless me now, and I will praise
My dear Saviour all my days.—*Cho.*

J. A. Neff, 1865.

I LOVE TO HEAR THE STORY.

Ref. 1. I love to hear the sto - ry, Which an - gels voi - ces tell, How once the King of glo - ry Came
2. I'm glad my bless - ed Sav - iour Was once a child like me, To show how pure and ho - ly His

FINE.
down on earth to dwell: I am both weak and sin - ful, But this I sure - ly know, The
lit - tle ones might be: And if I try to fol - low His foot-steps here be - low, He

D.C.
Lord came down to save me, Be - cause He loved me so....
nev - er will for - get me, Be - cause He loved me so....

3 To sing His love and mercy
My sweetest songs I'll raise
And though I cannot see Him,
I know He hears my praise;
For He has kindly promised,
That even I may go
To sing among His angels,
Because He loves me so.—Ref.

SEEKING LOST SHEEP.

1 How many sheep are straying,
Lost from the Saviour's fold?
Upon the lonely mountains
They shiver with the cold.
Within the tangled thickets,
Where poison vines do creep,
And over rocky ledges,
Wander the poor lost sheep.—Ref.

2 Oh, who will go to find them,
Who, for the Saviour's sake,
Will search, with tireless patience,
Through briar and through brake?
Unheeding thirst and hunger,
Who still, from day to day,
Will seek as for a treasure,
The sheep that go astray.—Ref.

3 How sweet 'twould be at evening,
If you and I could say,
Good Shepherd, we've been seeking
The sheep that went astray;
Heart sore, and faint with hunger,
We heard them making moan,
And lo! we come at nightfall
Bearing them safely home.—Ref.

ALL YE THAT PASS BY.

B. MILGROVE. 61

C. WESLEY.

1. All ye that pass by, to Je - sus draw nigh; To you is it noth - ing that

Je - sus should die? Your ran - som and peace, your Surety He is; Come, see - Come, see - Come

see if there ev - er was sor - row like His; Come, see if there ev - er was sor - row like His.

2 The Lord, in the day of His anger, did lay
Our sins on the Lamb, and He bore them away:
He dies to atone for sins not His own,
:: The Father hath punish'd for us His dear Son. ::

3 For sinners, like me, He died on the tree;
His death is accepted, the sinner is free;
My pardon I claim, a sinner I am,
:: A sinner believing in Jesus' name. ::

4 Love moved Him to die, on this I rely,
My Saviour hath loved me, I cannot tell why;
But this I can find, we two are so join'd,
:: He'll not be in glory, and leave me behind! ::

5 With joy we approve, the plan of His love;
A wonder to all, both below and above!
When time is no more, we still shall adore
:: That ocean of love, without bottom or shore. ::

BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

Words and Music by Rev R. LOWRY.

Cheerful.

1 Shall we gath-er at the riv-er Where bright an-gel feet have trod; With its crys-tal tide for-
2 On the mar-gin of the riv-er, Wash-ing up its sil-ver spray, We will walk and worship

CHORUS.

ev-er. Flow-ing by the throne of God. Yes, we'll gath-er at the riv-er, The
ev-er, All the hap-py, gold-en day.

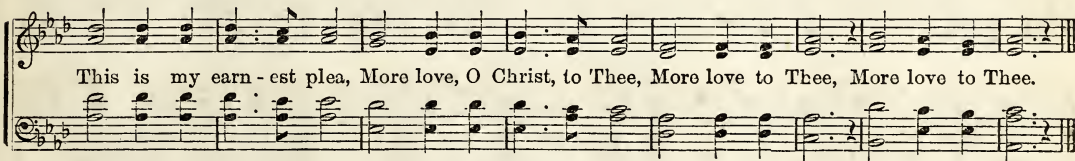
beauti-ful, the beauti-ful riv-er—Gather with the saints at the riv-er That flows by the throne of God.

3 On the bosom of the river,
Where the Saviour-king we own,
We shall meet, and sorrow never
'Neath the glory of the throne.—*Cho.*

4 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.—*Cho.*

5 At the smiling of the river,
Rippling with the Saviour's face,
Saints, whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace.—*Cho.*

6 Soon we'll reach the shining river.
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.—*Cho.*



2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now only Thee I seek,
Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain;
When they can sing with me,—
More love, O Christ to Thee,
More love to Thee!

4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise:
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

CHRISTIAN, GO AND TELL OF JESUS.

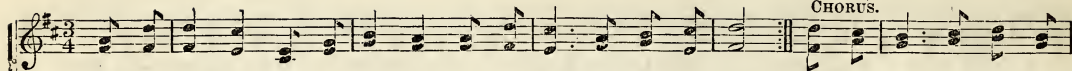
Tune, "Shall we gather at the river," p. 62.

1 Christian, go and tell to Jesus,
How He died to save our souls;
How that He from sin might free us,
Suffered agonies untold.
Cho.—Yes, we'll go and tell of Jesus,
The pure and holy, meek and lowly Jesus;
Yes, we'll go and tell of Jesus,
Who died our souls to save.
2 Tell the guilty of their danger,
While they wander far from God;

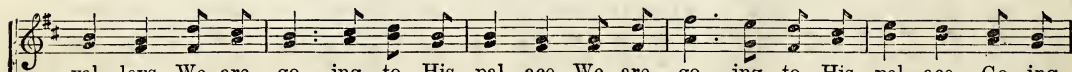
While they live to Christ a stranger,
And reject His precious Word.—*Cho.*
3 Tell them of the joys of heaven,
Purchased by the Saviour's blood;
How that they might be forgiven,
Jesus left His home above.—*Cho.*
4 Tell them how He hath ascended,
To prepare a home on high;
Where all sorrows shall be ended,
Where the good shall never die.—*Cho. E. P. H.*

WM. B. BRADBURY.
From the "Golden Chain," by per.

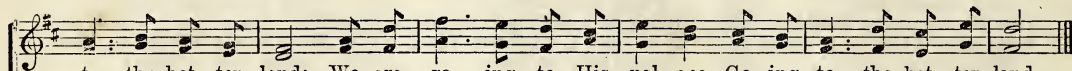
CHORUS.



1. { Whither, pilgrims, are you go - ing, Go - ing each with staff in hand? }
 { We are go - ing on a jour - ney, Go - ing at our King's command; } O - ver hills, and plains, and
 2. { Fear ye not the way so lone - ly, You, a lit - tle fee - ble band? }
 { No, for friends unseen are near us, Ho - ly an - gels round us stand; } Christ our lead - er, walks be -



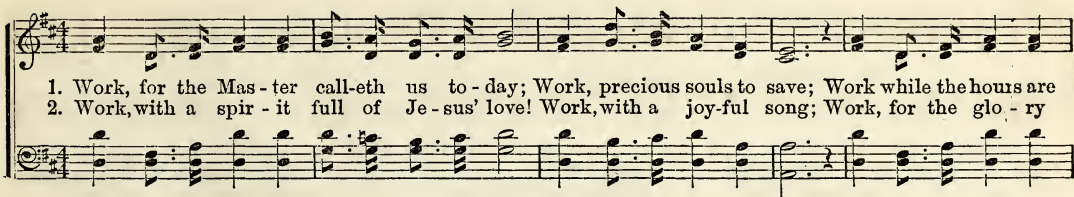
val - leys, We are go - ing to His pal - ace, We are go - ing to His pal - ace, Go - ing
 - side us, He will guard, and He will guide us, He will guard, and He will guide us, Guide us



to the bet - ter land; We are go - ing to His pal - ace, Go - ing to the bet - ter land.
 to the bet - ter land; He will guard, and He will guide us, Guide us to the bet - ter land.

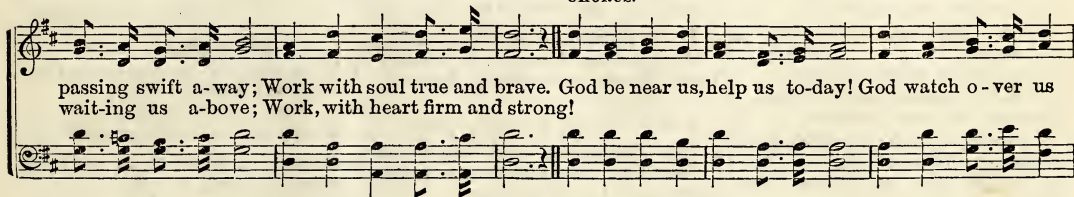
3 Tell me, pilgrims, what you hope for
 In that far-off, better land?
 Spotless robes and crowns of glory
 From a Saviour's loving hand;
 We shall drink of life's clear river
 We shall dwell with God forever,
 ||: We shall dwell with God forever
 In that bright, that better land. :||

4 Pilgrims, may we travel with you
 To that bright and better land?
 Come and welcome, come and welcome,
 Welcome to our pilgrim land.
 Come, O come! and do not leave us,
 Christ is waiting to receive us,
 ||: Christ is waiting to receive us,
 In that bright, that better land. :||

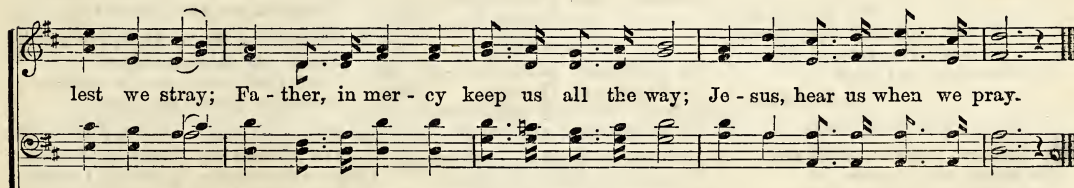


1. Work, for the Mas-ter call-eth us to-day; Work, precious souls to save; Work while the hours are
2. Work, with a spir-it full of Je-sus' love! Work, with a joy-ful song; Work, for the glo-ry

CHORUS.



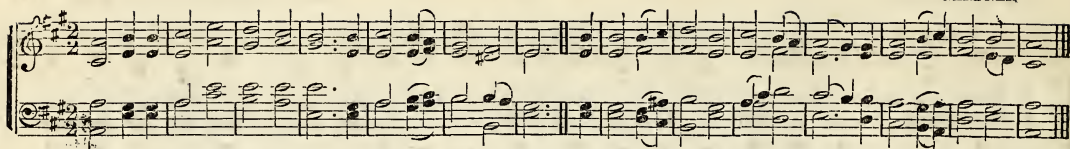
passing swift a-way; Work with soul true and brave. God be near us, help us to-day! God watch o-ver us
wait-ing us a-bove; Work, with heart firm and strong!



lest we stray; Fa-ther, in mer-cy keep us all the way; Je-sus, hear us when we pray.

3 Work, for the vineyard waiting for us stands;
Work, while there yet is light;
Work with a cheerful heart and willing hands;
Work, for soon cometh night.

4 Work, till the golden harvest fills the field;
Work, in the Saviour's might;
Work, for the joy the reaping time shall yield;
Work for the mansions of light.



A BLESSING ON THE WORD.

1 Once more we come before our
Once more His blessing ask: [God;
O may not duty seem a load,
Nor worship prove a task.

2 Father, Thy quick'ning Spirit
send
From heaven, in Jesus' name,
And bid our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.

3 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
And keep the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.

4 To seek Thee, all our hearts dis-
To each Thy blessings suit; [pose;
And let the seed Thy servant sows,
Produce abundant fruit.

J. Hart, 1762.

DYING LOVE OF JESUS.

1 To Calvary, Lord, in spirit now
Our weary souls repair,
To dwell upon Thy dying love,
And taste its sweetness there.

2 Sweet resting-place of every heart
That feels the plague of sin,
Yet knows that deep mysterious joy,
The peace of God within.

3 There, through Thine hour of
deepest woe,
Thy suffering spirit passed;
Grace there its wondrous victory
And love endured its last. [gain'd,

4 Dear suffering Lamb! Thy bleeding
With cords of love divine, [wounds,
Have drawn our willing hearts to
Thee,
And link'd our life with Thine.

5 Thy sympathies and hopes are
Dear Lord! we wait to see [ours;
Creation, all—below, above,
Redeem'd and blest by Thee.

Sir Edward Denny, 1839.

PRAYER.

1 In Thy great name, O Lord, we
To worship at Thy feet: [come
Oh, pour Thy Holy Spirit down
On all that now shall meet.

2 We come to hear Jehovah speak,
To hear the Saviour's voice;
Thy face and favor, Lord, we seek,
Now make our hearts rejoice.

3 Teach us to pray, and praise, and
And understand Thy word; [hear,
To feel Thy blissful presence near,
And trust our living Lord.

4 Let sinners now Thy goodness
And saints rejoice in Thee; [prove,
Let rebels be subdu'd by love,
And to the Saviour flee.

Joseph Hoskins, 1788.

DOING FOR JESUS.

1 What can I do for Thee, my Lord,
What can I do for Thee?
Who didst the mighty grace afford,
That sets the bondman free?

2 What can I do for Thee, my Lord,
Reluctant souls to win?
Patience Divine, and light accord,
To turn these souls from sin.

3 What can I do for Thee, my Lord,
Thy needy saints to bless?
I'll seek that wanderers be restored
To paths of light and peace.

4 What can I do for Thee, my Lord?
Thy church my thoughts employ;
Her welfare claims the wealth I hoard,
Her triumphs crown my joys.

5 What can I do for Thee, my Lord?
What can I do for Thee?
A martyr soul, I wait Thy word;
I serve Thee, only Thee.


Rev. A. S. Chessbrough, 1873.

O, SING OF HIS MIGHTY LOVE.


67

Dr. F. BOTTOME.

WM. B. BRADBURY. *By per.*

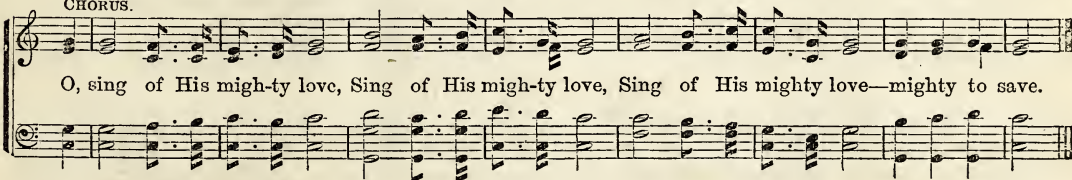


1. O, bliss of the pu - ri - fied! bliss of the free! I plunge in the crimson tide opened for me!
 2. O, bliss of the pu - ri - fied! Je - sus is mine, No long - er in dread con-dem-na-tion I pine;



O'er sin and uncleanness ex - ult - ing I stand, And point to the print of the nails in His hand.
 In conscious sal - va - tion I sing of His grace Who lift - eth up - on me the smiles of His face.

CHORUS.



O, sing of His migh - ty love, Sing of His migh - ty love, Sing of His mighty love—mighty to save.

3.

O, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!
 No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure,
 No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
 No tears—but may dry them on Jesus's breast.
 O, sing of His mighty love, &c.

4.

O, Jesus the crucified! Thee will I sing!
 My blessed Redeemer! my God, and my King!
 My soul filled with rapture shall shout o'er the grave,
 And triumph in death in the MIGHTY TO SAVE!
 O sing of His mighty love, &c.

MISS AMELIA MATILDA HULL, 1860.

"Look unto Him and be saved."

1. { There is life for a look at the Cru - ci - fied One; There is life at this mo - ment for thee; }
 Then look, sinner—look un - to Him, and be saved—Un - to Him who was nailed to the tree.

Look un - to Him, look un - to Him, Un - to Him who was nailed to the tree.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Oh! why was He there as the bearer of sin,
 If on Jesus thy sins were not laid?
 Oh! why from His side flowed the sin-cleansing blood,
 If His dying thy debt has not paid?</p> <p>3 We are healed by His stripes;—would'st thou add to the
 And He is our righteousness made: [word?
 The best robe of heaven He bids thee put on;
 Oh! could'st thou be better arrayed?</p> | <p>4 Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has declared,
 There remaineth no more to be done;
 That once in the end of the world He appeared,
 And completed the whole He begun.</p> <p>5 But take, with rejoicing, from Jesus at once
 The life everlasting He gives;
 And know, with assurance, thou never canst die,
 Since Jesus, thy righteousness, lives.</p> |
|--|---|

LONG TIME AGO.

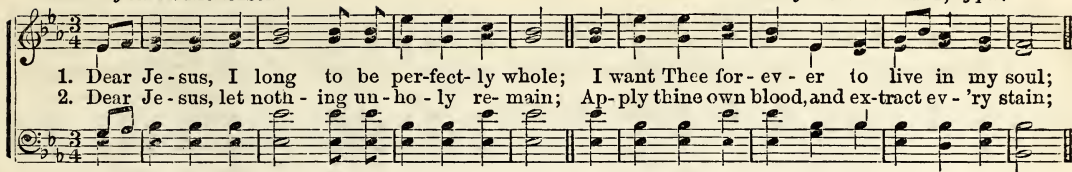
<p>1 Jesus died on Calvary's mountain, Long time ago; And salvation's rolling fountain, Now freely flows.</p> <p>2 Once His voice in tones of pity. M'lted in woe, And He wept o'er Judah's city, Long time ago.</p>	<p>3 On His head the dews of midnight Fell, long ago; Now a crown of dazzling sunlight Sits on His brow.</p> <p>4 Jesus died—yet lives forever, No more to die— Bleeding Jesus, blessed Saviour, Now reigns on high!</p>	<p>5 Now in heaven He's interceding For dying men, Soon He'll finish all His pleading, And come again.</p> <p>6 Budding fig-trees tell that summer Dawns o'er the land, Signs portend that Jesus' coming, Is near at hand.</p>
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WHITER THAN SNOW.

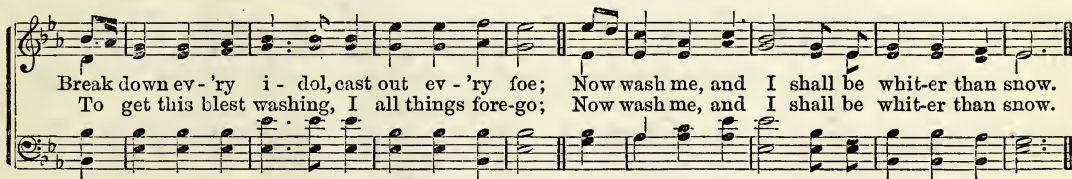
69

Words by JAMES NICHOLSON.

Music by JNO. R. SWEENEY, by per.

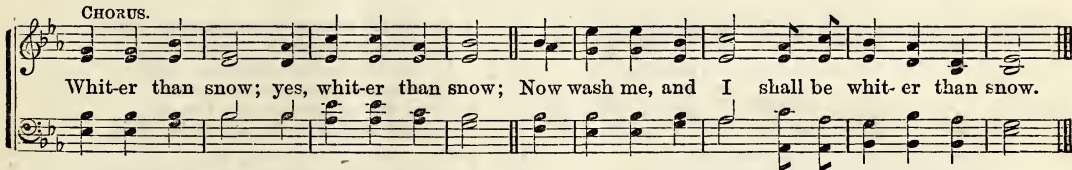


1. Dear Je-sus, I long to be perfect-ly whole; I want Thee for-ev-er to live in my soul;
2. Dear Je-sus, let noth-ing un-ho-ly re-main; Ap-ply thine own blood, and ex-tract ev-'ry stain;



Break down ev-'ry i-dol, cast out ev-'ry foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.
To get this blest washing, I all things fore-go; Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.

CHORUS.



Whit-er than snow; yes, whit-er than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.

3 Dear Jesus, come down from Thy throne in the
And help me to make a complete sacrifice; [skies,
I give up myself, and whatever I know;—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
Cho.—Whiter than snow; yes, whiter, etc.

4 Dear Jesus, Thou see'st I patiently wait;
Come now, and within me a new heart create;
To those who have sought Thee, Thou never saidst
no,—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
Cho.—Whiter than snow; yes, whiter, etc.

5 Dear Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat;
I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet;
By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow,—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
Cho.—Whiter than snow; yes, whiter, etc.

6 The blessing, by faith, I receive from above;
Oh, glory! my soul is made perfect in love;
My prayer has prevailed, and this moment I know
The blood is applied, I am whiter than snow.
Cho.—Whiter than snow; yes, whiter than snow,
Dear Jesus, Thy blood makes me whiter than snow.

Words by MISS CAMPBELL.

S:

1. What meanst this ea - ger anxious throng, Pressing our bu - sy streets a - long— These wondrous
D. S. Voi - ces, in

gather-ings day by day? What means this strange com-mo-tion, pray? Voi - ces, in ac - cents
ac - cents hushed, re - ply, "Je - sus of Nazareth pass-eth by!"

D. S.
hushed re - ply, "Je - sus of Nazareth passeth by!"

2 E'en children feel the potent spell,
And haste their new-found joy to tell;
In crowds they to the place repair,
Where Christians daily bow in prayer.

||: Hosannas mingle with the cry,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!" :||

3 Jesus! 'tis He who once below,
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;
And burdened hearts, where'er he came,
Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame;

||: Blind men rejoiced to hear the cry,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!" :||

4 Again He comes, from place to place
His holy foot-prints we can trace;
He pauses at our threshold—nay,
He enters, condescends to stay!

||: Shall we not gladly raise the cry,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by?" :||

5 Ho, all ye heavy-laden, come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, a home:
Lost wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept His proffered grace!

||: Ye tempted! there's a refuge nigh,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!" :||

6 But if you still this call refuse,
And dare such wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer in justice spurn:

||: "Too late! too late!" will be the cry,
"Jesus of Nazareth has passed by!"

HYMN FOR REVIVAL SEASONS.

- 1 O happy day, blest day of grace!
When Jesus shows his smiling face,
And bids the weary wanderer come,
And find in Him sweet rest, at home.
The cross uplifted draws us near,
The Spirit whispers words of cheer,
And waits repenting souls to bless
In this glad day, this day of grace.

- 2 Then hasten, all who feel your need,
From sin's dread burden to be freed;
To Calvary's Victim look and live,
He only can salvation give.
Long have you pleasure sought in vain,
And found but weariness in pain;
Oh come, your sinful steps retrace,
Improve this blessed day of grace.

- 3 Now listen to the gospel's sound,
Seek Jesus where He may be found,
In Him, the Father reconciled,
Will own and bless you as His child.
Oh, will you longer slight His love,
And grieve away the Heavenly Dove?—
Refuse the Saviour to embrace,
And perish in this day of grace?

- 4 Forbid it, Lord! Thy power display,
And draw these lingering souls to-day;
Convince of sin, Thy grace impart
To cleanse and sanctify the heart.
May many hear Thy gracious voice,
And in Thy pardoning love rejoice,
Who in eternity shall praise
Thee for this blessed day of grace.

Miss Campbell.

THE ATONING BLOOD.

- 1 When first o'erwhelm'd with sin and shame,
To Jesus' cross I trembling came;
Burden'd with guilt, and full of fear,
Yet drawn by Love, I ventured near,
||: And pardon found, and peace with God,
In Jesus' rich atoning blood.:||

- 2 My sin is gone, my fear is o'er,
I shun His presence now no more;
He sits upon the throne of grace,
He bids me boldly seek His face;
||: Sprinkled upon the throne of God,
I see that rich atoning blood.:||

- 3 Before His face my Priest appears;
My Advocate the Father hears:
That precious blood, before His eyes,
Both day and night for mercy cries;
||: It speaks, it ever speaks to God—
The voice of that atoning blood.:||

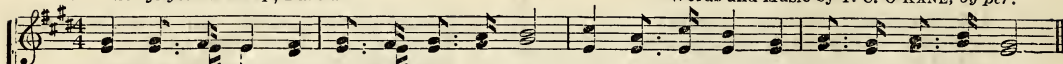
- 4 By faith that voice I also hear;
It answers doubt, it stills each fear;
Th' accuser seeks in vain to move
The wrath of Him whose name is Love;
||: Each charge against the sons of God
Is silenced by th' atoning blood.:||

- 5 Here I can rest without a fear;
By thirst to God I now draw near;
By this, I triumph over sin,
For this has made and keeps me clean;
||: And when I reach the throne of God,
I'll praise that rich ATONING BLOOD.

Jas. Geo. Deck, 1837.


SWEEPING THROUGH THE GATES.

From Songs for Worship, Part I.

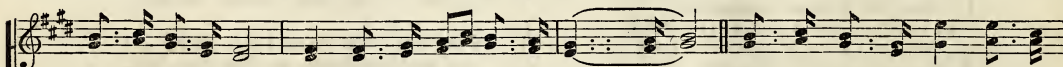
Words and Music by T. C. O'KANE, *by per.*


1. Who, who are these be-side the chil - ly wave, Just on the bor-ders of the si - lent grave,
 2. These, these are they who in their youthful days Found Je - sus ear - ly and in wisdom's ways,
 3. These, these are they who in af - flic-tion's woes Ev - er have found in Je - sus calm re - pose,

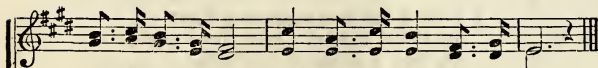
CHORUS.



Shouting Je - sus pow'r to save, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb: "Sweeping thro' the gates" to the
 Prov'd the full-ness of His grace, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb:
 Such as from a pure heart flows, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb:



New Je - ru - sa - lem, "Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb." "Sweeping thro' the gates" to the
 in the blood of the Lamb.



New Je - ru - sa - lem, "Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb."

4.

These, these are they who in the conflict dire
 Boldly have stood amid the hottest fire;
 Jesus now says, "Come up higher,"
 Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb:

Cho.—Sweeping, &c.

1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-iour, Hear my humble cry; While on oth-ers Thou art smil-ing,
2. Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneel-ing there in deep con-tri-tion,

CHORUS.

Do not pass me by. Sav-iour, Sav-iour, hear my humble cry, While on oth-ers Thou art
Help my un-be-lief.

calling, Do not pass me by.

3 Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.—*Cho.*

4 Thou the spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me;
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Whom in heaven but Thee.—*Cho.*

DOUBT NOT, BUT BELIEVE. 8s & 5s.

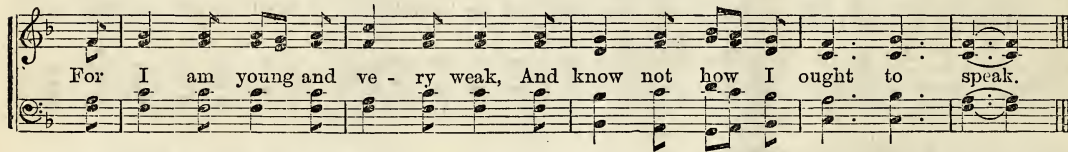
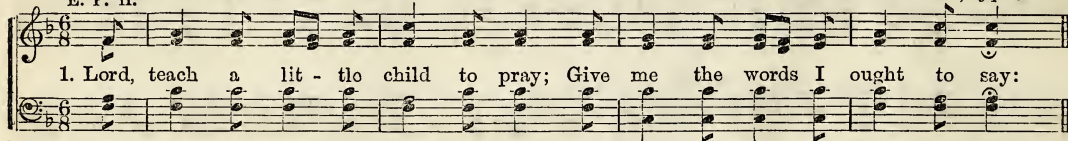
1 Art thou weary? art thou languid?
Art thou sore distressed?
Come to Me, saith One, and, coming,
On My bosom rest.—*Cho.*
Cho.—Doubting sinner,
Doubt not, but believe,
He who saved ten thousand others,
He will thee receive.

2 By what tokens may I know Him,
When I seek my guide?
In His feet and hands are nail-prints,
Spear wound in His side.—*Cho.*
3 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay.
Not till earth and not till heaven
Shall have passed away.—*Cho.*

I wonder if my little reader can say, with this dear boy, "I prayed, and now I feel happy in Jesus. I think that I have found Jesus now. The first Sunday you were here, I thought I would go to hear some stories. I went to the meeting. I thought very different when you told about little Jemmy; and when I was going home I saw some little children crying for their sins. I felt that I was a sinner, and when I got home I did not feel very happy,

so I went and prayed, and felt better; and since then I have given my heart to Jesus, and I think that he has accepted it. Yesterday I was singing out of your Hymn Book, and I felt so happy that I knelt right down where I was and prayed; and now I feel happy in Jesus, and want to work for Him. Please pray for me that I may feel so all the time. Your little friend, _____."

E. P. H.

WM. B. BRADBURY, *by per.*

2 My little prayers I've often said
With eyelids closed and bowed head;
But oh, I'm very much afraid
That with my heart I've never prayed.

3 But now, O God, be pleased to take
Away this heart for Jesus' sake;
Oh, give me one that *loves* to pray,
And read the Bible every day.

4 Show me how, on the cruel tree,
Jesus has bled and died for me;
Help me to give myself to Him,
That I may hate and flee from sin.

5 And now, O Lord, hear this my prayer;
Keep me beneath Thy watchful care;
And when I die, be pleased to take
My soul to heaven, for Jesus' sake.

THE LOVE OF JESUS.

1 I know 'tis Jesus loves my soul,
And makes the wounded spirit whole;
My nature is by sin defiled,
Yet Jesus loves a little child.

2 How kind is Jesus, oh, how good!
'Twas for my soul He shed His blood:
For children's sake He was reviled,
For Jesus loves a little child.

3 When I offend, by thought or tongue,
Omit the right, or do the wrong,
If I repent, He's reconciled,
For Jesus loves a little child.

4 To me may Jesus now impart,
Although so young, a gracious heart;
Alas! I'm oft by sin defiled,
Yet Jesus loves a little child.

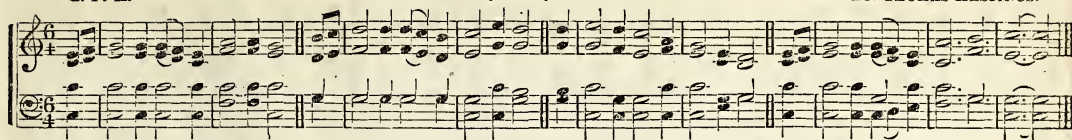
CHRIST WEeping OVER SINNERS. (Retreat.)

75

E. P. H.

"He beheld the city and wept over it." Luke xix. 41.

Dr. THOMAS HASTINGS.



- 1 The Son of God o'er sinners weeps,
Because they will not hear His cry!
How hard the heart must be that keeps
Its love from Him who came to die!
- 2 Oh! Jesus, make us more like Thee,
That we may warn, but yet with tears;
And then from wrath will sinners flee,
And Thou wilt shield them from their fears.
- 3 Oh! draw us nearer to Thy heart,
That we may feel its throbs of love;
Then when we preach, the tears will start,
And all will seek a home above.
- 4 Oh! sinners, think of Him who shed
For you His tears of heartfelt grief;
Oh! come and trust in Him who bled,
That you from sin might find relief.

THIRSTING FOR THE FULNESS OF LOVE.

- 1 I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in Thy cleansing blood:
To dwell within Thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
- 2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but Thee:
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

- 3 How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter'd in Thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by Thee move, and in Thee live.
- 4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till Thou Thy quick'ning Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power Thy grace to move;
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!

Tr. by J. Wesley.

THE MERCY-SEAT.

- 1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet,
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

Hugh Stowell, 1827.

DOXOLOGY.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit. Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

Musical score for "Work, for the night is coming." in 4/4 time. The score consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The second system also has a treble and bass staff. Above the second system, the word "FINE." is written above the treble staff, and "cres." is written above the bass staff. Above the third system, "D. S. S:" is written above the treble staff.

1 Work, for the night is coming,
Work thro' the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers:
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work in the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for the daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is over.

Words by W. BENNETT.

THINE, LORD, FOREVER !

HUBERT P. MAIN. By per.

Musical score for "Thine, Lord, forever!" in 2/2 time. The score consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The second system also has a treble and bass staff.

1. Thine, Lord, for - ev - er! Purchas'd by blood di-vine, Rescued and saved by Thee, Lord, I am Thine!
2. Thine, Lord, for - ev - er! Thro' storm and tempest wild, Trusting con - fid - ing - ly, I am Thy child!

3 Thine, Lord, forever!
Cheered by Thy precious word,
Thro' darkness, doubts, and fears;
Thine, Thine, O Lord,

4 Thine, Lord, forever!
Though death shall lay me low,
E'en in that dreadful hour
Thine, Lord, I know!

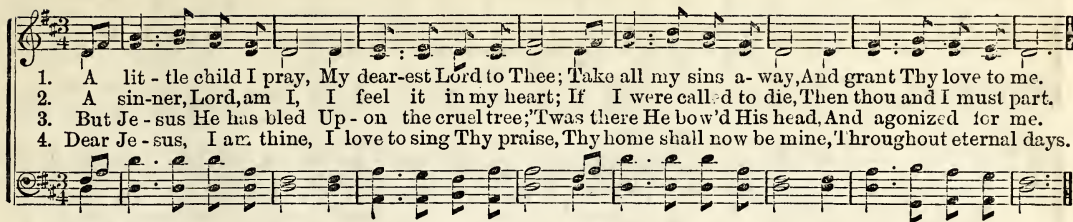
5 Thine, Lord, forever!
When safe before Thy throne
I stand, forevermore
Thine, Thine, alone!

JESUS DIED FOR ME.

77

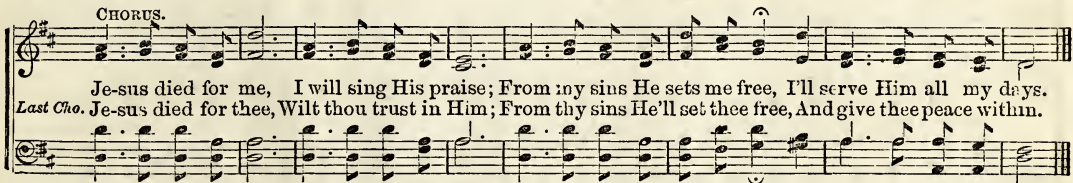
E. P. H. 1873.

J. T. GRAPE. By per.



1. A lit - tle child I pray, My dear-est Lord to Thee; Take all my sins a-way, And grant Thy love to me.
 2. A sin-ner, Lord, am I, I feel it in my heart; If I were call-d to die, Then thou and I must part.
 3. But Je - sus He has bled Up - on the cruel tree; 'Twas there He bow'd His head, And agonized for me.
 4. Dear Je - sus, I am thine, I love to sing Thy praise, Thy home shall now be mine, Throughout eternal days.

CHORUS.



Je-sus died for me, I will sing His praise; From my sins He sets me free, I'll serve Him all my days.
Last Cho. Je-sus died for thee, Wilt thou trust in Him; From thy sins He'll set thee free, And give thee peace within.

ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.

- 1 I hear the Saviour say,
 Thy strength indeed is small;
 Child of weakness, watch and pray
 Find in Me thy all in all.

Cho.—Jesus paid it all,
 All to Him I owe,
 Sin had left a crimson stain;
 He washed it white as snow.

- 2 Lord now indeed I find.
 Thy blood and Thine alone,
 Can change the lepers spots,
 And melt the heart of stone.
Cho.—Jesus paid, &c.

- 3 Then down beneath His cross
 I'll lay my sin-sick soul,
 For naught have I to bring—
 Thy grace must make me whole.
Cho.—Jesus paid, &c.

- 4 And then complete in Him,
 My robe His righteousness,
 Close sheltered 'neath His side,
 I am divinely blest.—
Cho.—Jesus paid, &c.

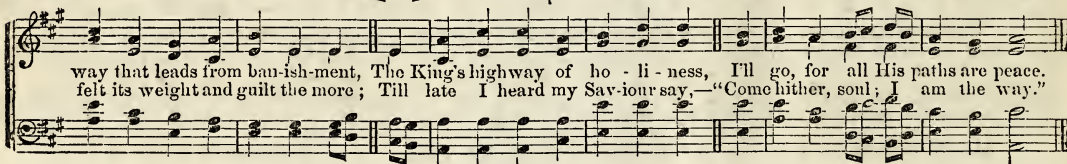
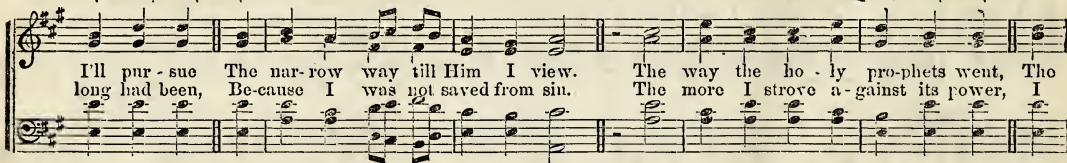
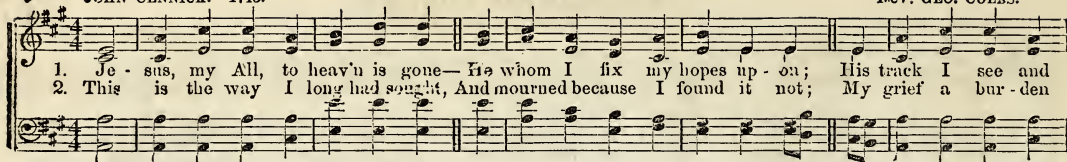
- 5 When from my dying bed,
 My ransomed soul shall rise.
 Then "Jesus paid it all,"
 Shall rend the vaulted skies.
Cho.—Jesus paid, &c.

Mrs. M. E. Hall.

REDEEMING WORK IS DONE.

- 1 Redeeming work is done;
 The debt of sin is paid;
 The precious Lamb of God,
 My sacrifice is made.
 2 I'll bow at Jesus' feet,
 And plead His grace so free;
 I'll wash me in His blood,
 That blood was shed for me.
 3 Yes, Jesus paid it all,
 To Him the glory be;
 His love my pardon speaks,
 And grace has set me free.

Fanny J. Crosby. 1869.



HEAVEN.

- 1 There is a glorious world on high,
Resplendent with eternal day;
Faith views the blissful prospect nigh,
While God's own word reveals the way.
There shall the favorites of the Lord
With never-fading lustre shine;
Surprising honor, vast reward,
Conferred on man by love divine!

SILOAM.

- 1 Within the Kedron's rocky dell,
Beneath Moriah's frowning face;
Siloam's waters often tell
Of Jesus' love and wondrous grace;

There softly flows Siloam's rill,
As in the day Isaiah sang;
'Twas there the blind man's heart did thrill,
While with his song the valley rang.

- 2 Siloam means "one sent from God,"
Such is the lovely name it bears;
It teaches that from His abode,
Are blessings that should banish cares;
Dear Saviour, like this sparkling spring,
May we to others speak of Thee;
That they with us may also sing,
"See what the Lord hath done for me."

E. P. H. Jerusalem, 1866.

TUNE.—Duane Street, page 78.

HIDING PLACE.

- 1 Hail, sovereign love, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man;
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding-place;
Against the God that rules the sky
I fought with hand uplifted high;
Despised His rich, abounding grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding-place.
- 2 But thus the eternal counsel ran:
"Almighty love, arrest that man."
I felt the arrow of distress,
And found I had no hiding-place.
Indignant justice stood in view;
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew:
But justice cried, with frowning face,
"This mountain is no hiding-place.
- 3 Ere long a heavenly voice I heard,
And mercy's angel form appeared;
She led me on, with gentle pace,
To Jesus, as my hiding-place:
On Him almighty vengeance fell,
That must have sunk a world to hell,
He bore it for the chosen race;
And thus became their hiding-place.

Jehoiada Brewer, 1776.

THE HAPPY CHOICE.

- 1 To-day, if ye will hear His voice;
Now is the time to make your choice;
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no?
Ye wand'ring souls, who find no rest,
Say, will you be forever blest?
Will you be sav'd from sin and hell?
Will you with Christ in glory dwell?

Anon, 1803.

POLISHED STONES.*

And the house, when it was in building, was built of stones made ready before it was brought thither, so that there was neither hammer, nor axe, nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was in building. 1 KINGS vii: 7.

"Ye also as lively stones are built up a spiritual house, * * * acceptable to God by Jesus Christ." 1 PET. ii: 6.

* Suggested by visiting the extensive excavations underneath Jerusalem, in which the stones for Solomon's temple were cut and fitted each for its own place.

- 1 Lord, grant that we by faith may see,
Our new Jerusalem above;
Where we from sin and sorrow free,
Shall dwell with Thee where all is love;
Awhile we linger here below,
Where oft it seems so dark and drear;
But soon to Zion's courts we'll go,
Where none shall ever shed a tear.
- 2 Then shall Jerusalem be ours,
Where Prophets and the Martyrs dwell;
Then shall we pass the golden hours,
In joys that none on earth can tell:
Help us with patience, Lord, to bear
The strokes of Thine afflicting rod;
As stones well polished by Thy care,
May we in Heaven grace Thine abode.

E. P. H. Jerusalem, 1866.

THE HARVEST.

- 1 Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light,
Behold the fields already white!
The glorious harvest now is come;
See ransom'd sinners flocking home:
Mov'd by the Spirit's softest wind,
Their hearts are all as one inclin'd,
Their former sins and follies mourn,
They bow, and to their God return.

E. P. H. 1865.

"Open wide the gates, and let Thy trembling child come in."

J. HATTON.

1. Dear Saviour, o - pen wide the gate, And let thy trembling child come in; I long to leave this
 2. With eye of faith e'en now I see The joy-ful cher-ubs clap their wings; With songs of ho - ly

earthly state, And soar a - way from care and sin.
 ec - sta - cy, They're sounding grace on all their strings.

- 3 But One I see amid the throng,
 His head with radiant glory crowned;
 He is the object of their song,
 His praises through high heaven resound.
- 4 Soon shall I join the heavenly choir,
 Where sits my Saviour on the throne;
 With saints and angels strike my lyre,
 In praising Him whose blood atoned.

E. P. H.

THE PENITENT CHILD.

S. J. VAIL, by per.
From "Chapel Melodies."

1. Although a child, I've often sought, To know the way to heaven; Of Je - sus I have long been taught, But nev - er been forgiven.

- 2 With sorrow deep I've ne'er confessed
 How wicked I have been;
 But look, O Lord, within my breast
 And teach me all my sin.

- 3 And help me, Lord, with grief heart-felt,
 To sorrow for my guilt,

Dear Jesus, cause my heart to melt,—
 For me Thy blood was spilt.

- 4 Dear Saviour, now to Thee I come,
 To Thee alone I cling;
 Oh! take me to Thy glorious home,
 And then Thy praise I'll sing.

1. "The se- cond time" "He shall ap- pear," * We'll be gathered home, To' res- cue those to Him most dear;
 The "dead in Christ" † shall then a- rise, We'll be gathered home, And "with the Lord" as- cend the skies,
 2. Then in the "twinkling of an eye," ‡ We'll be gathered home, "Shall we be changed," no more to die;
 And "with the Lord," we each will sing, We'll be gathered home, How He from death removes "the sting,"

CHORUS.

We'll be gathered home. We'll work 'till Je- sus comes, We'll work 'till Je- sus comes, We'll
 We'll work 'till Je- sus comes, We'll work 'till Je- sus comes,

wait 'till Je- sus comes, And then be gathered home.
 We'll wait 'till Je- sus comes, And then be gathered home.

3 We're going to our home above,
 We'll be gathered home,
 Where we shall dwell in blissful love,
 We'll be gathered home,
 Though oft we here are filled with fears,
 We'll be gathered home,
 He there will wipe away our tears,
 We'll be gathered home.—*Cho.*

WE'LL BE GATHERED HOME.

1 My heavenly home is bright and fair,
 Nor sin, nor sorrow enters there,
 Its glittering towers the sun outshine,
 That heavenly mansion shall be mine,

We'll, &c.
 We'll, &c.
 We'll, &c.
 We'll, &c.

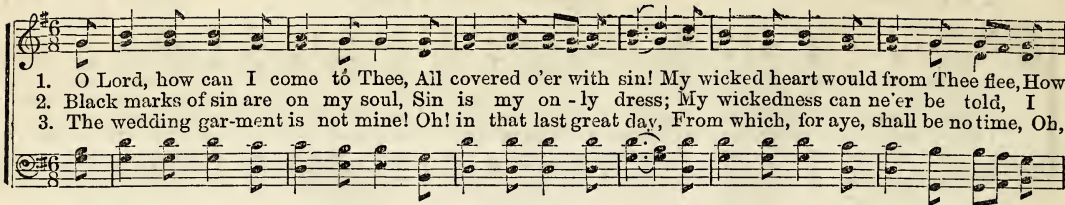
2 My Father's house is built on high,
 Above the arched and starry sky,
 When from this earthly prison free,
 That heavenly mansion mine shall be,

We'll, &c.
 We'll, &c.
 We'll, &c.
 We'll, &c.

Cho.—We'll wait till Jesus comes,
 We'll wait till Jesus comes,
 We'll wait till Jesus comes,
 And we'll be gathered home.

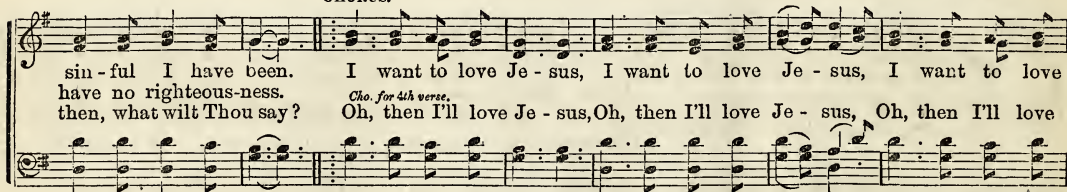
3 While here a stranger far from home,
 Affliction's waves may round me foam,
 Do mine the happier lot to own,
 A heavenly mansion near the throne,

We'll, &c.
 We'll, &c.
 We'll, &c.
 We'll, &c.

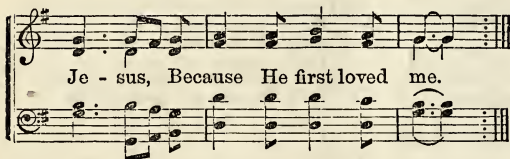


1. O Lord, how can I come to Thee, All covered o'er with sin! My wicked heart would from Thee flee, How
 2. Black marks of sin are on my soul, Sin is my on - ly dress; My wickedness can ne'er be told, I
 3. The wedding gar-ment is not mine! Oh! in that last great day, From which, for aye, shall be no time, Oh,

CHORUS.



sin - ful I have been. I want to love Je - sus, I want to love Je - sus, I want to love
 have no righteous-ness. *Cho. for 4th verse.*
 then, what wilt Thou say? Oh, then I'll love Je - sus, Oh, then I'll love Je - sus, Oh, then I'll love



Je - sus, Because He first loved me.

- 4 Oh, now, dear Saviour, give me Thine,
 Thy blood-bought righteousness;
 For Thine own sake please make it mine,
 My soul's all perfect dress.—Oh, then I'll love, &c.
- 5 Help me henceforth to hate those sins
 Which caused Thee so much pain;
 Thy praises evermore I'll hymn,
 Thy loss was all my gain.—*Cho.*—Oh, how, &c.

BLEST JESUS.

- 1 Blest Jesus! when my soaring tho'ts,
 O'er all thy graces rove,
 How is my soul in transport lost,
 In wonder, joy and love.

Cho.—O how I love Jesus,
 O how I love Jesus,
 O how I love Jesus,
 Because he first loved me.

- 2 Not softest strains can charm my ears,
 Like Thy beloved name;
 Nor aught beneath the skies inspire
 My heart with equal flame.—*Cho.*

- 3 Where'er I look, my wondering eyes
 Unnumbered blessings see;
 But what is life with all its bliss,
 If once compared with Thee.—*Cho.*

- 4 Hast thou a rival in my breast?
 Search, Lord, for thou canst tell
 If aught can raise my passions thus,
 Or please my soul so well.—*Cho.*

- 5 No; Thou art precious to my heart,
 My portion and my joy:
 Forever let Thy boundless grace
 My sweetest thoughts employ.—*Cho.*

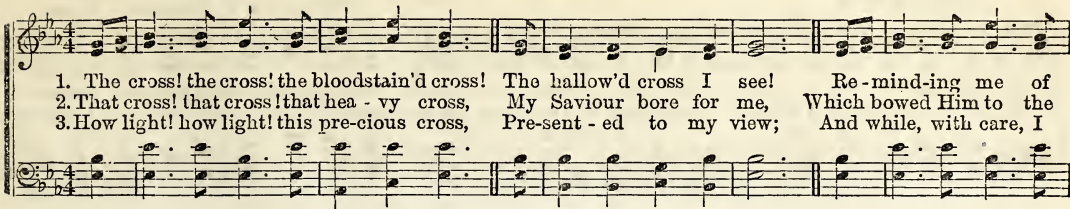
THE HALLOWED CROSS.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

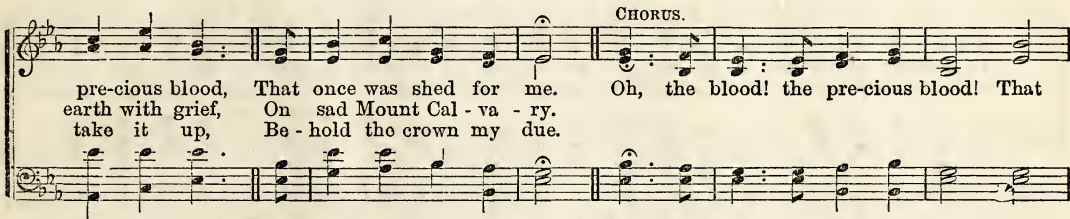
By permission.

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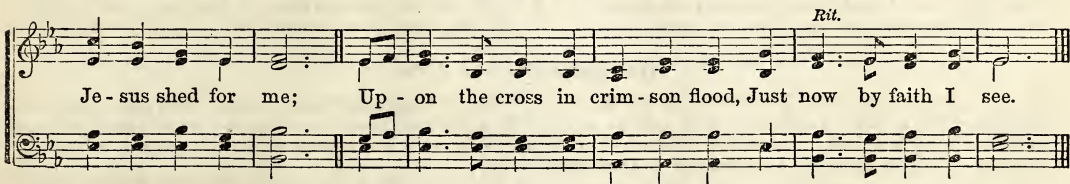
1. The cross! the cross! the bloodstain'd cross! The hallow'd cross I see! Re-mind-ing me of
 2. That cross! that cross! that hea - vy cross, My Saviour bore for me, Which bowed Him to the
 3. How light! how light! this pre-cious cross, Pre-sent - ed to my view; And while, with care, I

CHORUS.



pre-cious blood, That once was shed for me. Oh, the blood! the pre-cious blood! That
 earth with grief, On sad Mount Cal - va - ry.
 take it up, Be - hold the crown my due.

Rit.



Je - sus shed for me; Up - on the cross in crim - son flood, Just now by faith I see.

4 The crown! the crown! the glorious crown!
 The crown of victory!
 The crown of life! it shall be mine,
 When I shall Jesus see.
Cho.—Oh, the blood! &c.

5 My tears, unbidden, seem to flow
 For love, unbounded love,
 Which guides me through this world of woe,
 And points to joys above.
Cho.—Oh, the blood! &c.

Words by E. P. H.

Music by WM. B. BRADBURY. *By per.*

1. Look-ing on - ly to Je - sus the Cru - ci - fied One, Who in - vites all that mourn, will you come, will you come?
 2. Oh, how oft have I heard of the Sav-iour who died, That my fears might be quelled, and my tears all be dried;

I have left all my sins at the foot of the cross, Sin - ful pleasures are now to my taste but as dross.
 But, a - las! my proud heart was too stub - born to yield, To His kind in - vi - ta - tion to come and be healed.

3 But at length God in mercy has led me to see,
 That if I would find safety, to Christ I must flee;
 The avenger of blood I have seen on my track,
 But with Jesus my refuge I'll never turn back.

4 Still to Jesus I'll look though life's journey be long;
 When approaching the river let this be my song:
 All my sins washed away in the *peace-speaking* blood,
 Come, dear Jesus, come quickly and take me to God.

THE COMING OF THE LORD.

1 Thou hast taught us, dear Jesus, to look for the day
 When the trumpet shall sound that shall call us away,
 And when those who have died in the faith shall arise,
 And with us who remain, be 'caught up' to the skies.

2 'Behold, quickly I come,' were Thy words long ago,
 But, oh! why, tell us why, is Thy progress so slow!
 Oh! how many have watched, and have waited in vain,
 And have died without seeing Thee coming again.

3 Well we know, blessed Lord, though Thy journey
 seems long—

Thou art hastening the day, when with one joyful song,
 We shall hail thine appearing with sweet songs of praise,
 And for ever shall dwell with the 'Ancient of days.'

4 O Lord! we would stand with our lamps burning
 bright,
 For Thy word doth declare that far spent is the night;
 Therefore, till Thou shalt come we will cling to Thy
 Word,
 And be 'like unto men that do wait for their Lord.'

E. P. H.

THE GARDEN HYMN. C. P. M.

J. INGALLS. Arr.†

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1 The Lord in - to His gar - den comes, The spi - ces yield their rich per - fumes, The li - lies grow and thrive;
D.S. Which makes the dead re - vive;
2 This makes the dry and bar - ren ground In springs of wa - ter to a - bound, And fruit - ful soil be - come;
D.S. And makes His peo - ple one:

FINE.

D. S.

The li - lies grow and thrive; Re - fresh - ing show'rs of grace di - vine From Je - sus flow to ev - ery vine,
Which makes the dead re - vive.
And fruit - ful soil be - come: The des - ert blos - soms as the rose, When Je - sus conquers all His foes,
And makes His peo - ple one:

3 The glorious time is rolling on,
The gracious work is now begun,
||: My soul a witness is: ||
Come, taste and see the pardon free
For all mankind as well as me;
||: Who comes to Christ may live.: ||

4 The worst of sinners here may find
A Saviour pitiful and kind,
||: Who will them all relieve;: ||
None are too late if they repent;
Out of one sinner legions went,
||: Jesus did him receive.: ||

5 We feel that heaven is now begun,
It issues from the sparkling throne,
||: From Jesus' throne on high: ||
It comes in floods we can't contain,
We drink, and drink, and drink again,
||: And yet we still are dry.: ||

6 But when we come to dwell above,
And all surround the throne of love,
||: We'll drink a full supply: ||
Jesus will lead His armies through,
To living fountains where they flow,
||: That never will run dry.: ||

7 There we shall reign, and shout, and sing,
And make the upper regions ring,
||: When all the saints get home;: ||
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
Soon we shall meet together there,
||: For Jesus bids us come.: ||

8 Amen, Amen, my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
||: And claim my mansion there: ||
Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land,
||: Where we shall part no more.: ||

It is said that Dr. Watts wrote this terribly impressive hymn during a thunderstorm, when his mind was deeply moved with thoughts of the fearful doom which was in reserve from the hand of God against the sinner. Rev. Dr. Finley, in his sixth

Lecture on Revivals, cites this hymn as an illustration of the effect which a clear view of the lost condition of sinners has in awakening the sympathies and intensifying the prayer of God's people.

ISAAC WATTS.

FISH.

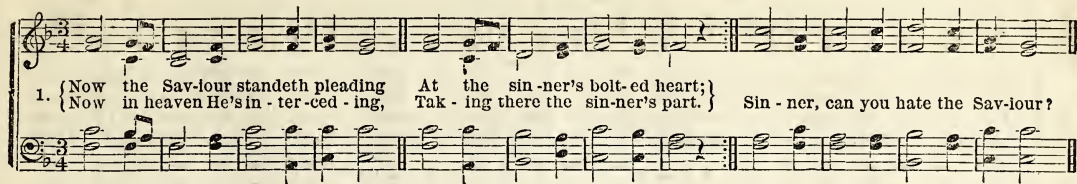


- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| <p>1 My thoughts on awful subjects
roll,
Damnation and the dead:
What horrors seize the guilty soul
Upon a dying-bed!</p> | <p>3 Then, swift and dreadful, she de-
scends
Down to the fiery coast, [scends
Amongst abominable fiends,
Herself a frightened ghost.</p> | <p>5 Not all their anguish and their
For their past guilt atones, [blood
Nor the compassion of a God
Shall hearken to their groans.</p> |
| <p>2 Lingered about these mortal
She makes a long delay, [shores,
Till, like a flood, with rapid force
Death sweeps the wretch away.</p> | <p>4 There endless crowds of sinners
lie,
And darkness makes their chains;
Tortured with keen despair they cry,
Yet wait for fiercer pains.</p> | <p>6 Amazing grace, that kept my
Nor bid my soul remove, [breath,
Till I had learned my Saviour's
death,
And well insured His love!</p> |

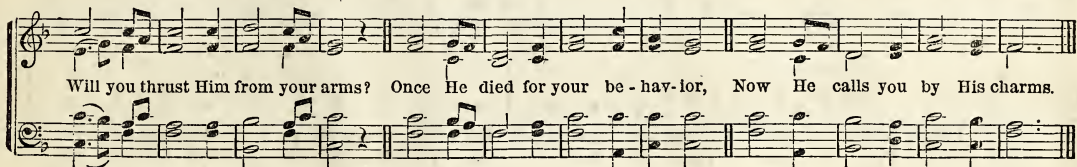
PARTING HYMN.

Tune, "Looking only to Jesus," page 84, or "O Turn Ye."

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Farewell, faithful friends, we must now bid adieu
To those sorrows and pleasures we've tasted with
We've labored together, united in heart, [you;
But now we must close, and forever must part.</p> | <p>4, who will turn back, and his Saviour deny?
Like Judas, the traitor, betray Him and die?</p> |
| <p>2 Our labors are over, and we must be gone,
We leave you not friendless to struggle alone;
Be watchful, and prayerful, and Jesus will stay;
Cleave close to your pastor, let him lead the way.</p> | <p>5 Farewell, trembling sinner, sad time now with you,
Our hearts sink within us to bid you adieu;
One step back or forward may settle your doom,
'Mid the glories of heaven, or e'er'st's gloom.</p> |
| <p>3 You've help all sufficient, on Jesus depend,
Let not this revival with this meeting end;
Let each ask the other, why should the work cease
Till all these poor sinners have yielded in peace?</p> | <p>6 Farewell, hardened sinner, we hasten away,
What else can we do, or what more can we say?
You'll think of this meeting, this last sad farewell,
When dying unpardoned, or writhing in hell.</p> |
| <p>4 Farewell, dear young converts, we leave you like-
wise,
And hope we shall meet you with Christ in the skies,</p> | <p>7 Farewell, every hearer, we now turn away,
No more shall we meet till the great judgment day;
Though absent in body, we are with you in prayer,
And we'll meet you in heaven, there is no parting
there.</p> |



1. { Now the Sav-iour standeth pleading At the sin-ner's bolt-ed heart; }
 { Now in heaven He's in - ter - ced - ing, Tak - ing there the sin-ner's part. } Sin - ner, can you hate the Sav-iour?



Will you thrust Him from your arms? Once He died for your be - hav - ior, Now He calls you by His charms.

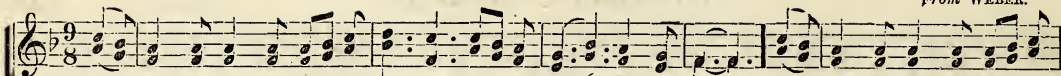
2 Sinners, hear your God and Saviour,
 Hear His gracious voice to-day;
 Turn from all your vain behavior;
 Oh, repent, return, and pray.
 Oh, be wise before you languish
 On the bed of dying strife;
 Endless joy or endless anguish
 Turn upon the events of life.

3 Now He's waiting to be gracious;
 Now He stands and looks on thee;
 See what kindness, love, and pity
 Shine around on you and me.
 Open now your hearts before Him;
 Bid the Saviour welcome in;
 Now receive, and oh, adore Him;
 Take a full discharge from sin.

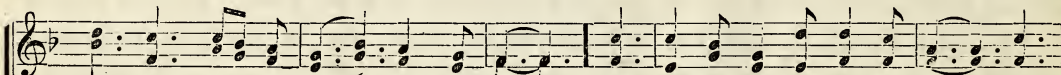
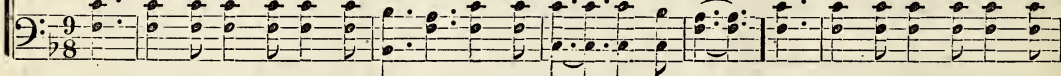
THE KIND SHEPHERD.

1 Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding,
 With the Shepherd's kindest care,
 All the feeble gently leading,
 While the lambs Thy bosom share.
 Now, these little ones receiving,
 Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
 There, we know, Thy word believing,
 Only there, secure from harm.

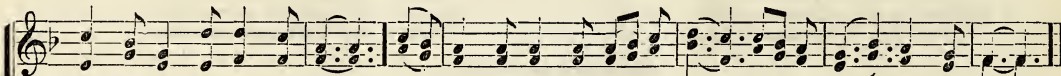
2 Never from Thy pasture roving,
 Let them be the Lion's prey;
 Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
 Keep them all life's dangerous way.
 Then, within Thy fold eternal,
 Let them find a resting place,
 Feed in pastures ever vernal,
 Drink the rivers of Thy grace.



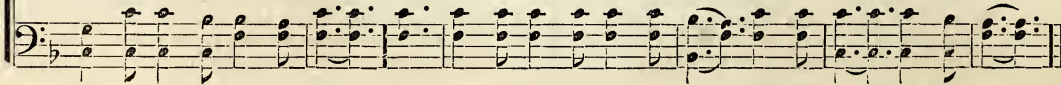
1. By faith I view my Saviour dy-ing, On the tree, On the tree; To ev-ery na-tion He is
 2. Did Christ, when I was sin pur-su-ing, Pit-y me? Pit-y me? And did He snatch my soul from
 3. Je-sus my wea-ry soul re-fresh-es; Mer-cy's free! Mer-cy's free! And ev-ery moment Christ is
 4. Long as I live, I'll still be cry-ing, Mer-cy's free! Mer-cy's free! And this shall be my theme when



cry-ing, Look to me, Look to me; He bids the guilt-y now draw near, Re-
 ru-in? Can it be? Can it be? Oh, yes! He did sal-va-tion bring; He
 pre-cious Un-to me, Un-to me; None can des-cribe the bliss I prove, While
 dy-ing, Mer-cy's free! Mer-cy's free! And when the vale of death I've passed, When



-pent, believe, dismiss their fear: Hark! hark! what precious words I hear, Mercy's free! Mer-cy's free!
 is my Prophe^t, Priest, and King; And now my hap-py soul can sing, Mercy's free! Mer-cy's free!
 thro' this wil-der-ness I rove, All may en-joy the Saviour's love, Mercy's free! Mer-cy's free!
 lodg'd a-bove the stormy blast, I'll sing, while endless a-ges last, Mercy's free! Mer-cy's free!



f

1. Je - sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his sue - ces - sive journeys run; His kingdom spread from shore to
 2. To Him shall end-less prayer be made And end-less prais-es crown His head; His Name like sweet perfume shall

f

shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more. From north to south the prin - ces meet, To pay their homage
 rise With eve - ry morn-ing sac - ri - fice. Peo - ple and realms of eve - ry tongue Dwell on His love with

at His feet; While wes-tern em - pires own their Lord, And sav-age tribes at - tend His word.
 sweet-est song, And in - fant voi - ces shall pro - claim Their ear - ly bless - ings on His Name.

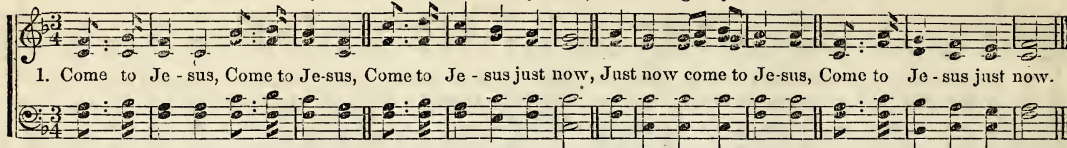
JOY OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

1 Great God, attend, while Zion sings
 The joy that from Thy presence springs;
 To spend one day with Thee on earth,
 Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
 Might I enjoy the meanest place
 Within Thy house, O God of grace,
 Not tents of ease, or thrones of power,
 Shall tempt my feet to leave Thy door.

2 God is our sun, He makes our day;
 God is our shield, He guards our way
 From all assaults of hell and sin,
 From foes without and foes within.
 All needful grace will God bestow,
 And crown that grace with glory too;
 He gives us all things, and withholds
 No real good from upright souls.

Isaac Watts.

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." MATTH. XI: 28.



"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."
ACTS xvi: 31.

2 He will save you.

"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." JOHN iii: 16.

3 O believe Him.

"He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for us."
HEB. vii: 25.

4 He is able.

"The Lord is long suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." 2 PET. iii: 9.

5 He is willing.

"Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out." JOHN vi: 37.

6 He'll receive you.

"Flee from the wrath to come." MATTH. iii: 7.

7 Flee to Jesus.

"Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved."
ACTS ii: 21.

8 Call unto Him.

"Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me." MARK x: 47.

9 Jesus, save me.

"And Jesus said unto him, go thy way, thy faith hath made thee whole." MARK x: 52.

10 He will hear you.

"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins." 1 JOHN 1: 9.

11 He'll forgive you.

"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."
1 JOHN 1: 7.

12 He will cleanse you.

"Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature."
2 COR v: 17.

13 He'll renew you.

"He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment." REV. iii: 5.

14 He will clothe you.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man should lay down his life for his friends." JOHN xv: 13.

15 Jesus loves you.

"He is despised and rejected of men." ISA. liii: 3.

16 Don't reject Him.

"He that hath the Son hath life." JOHN v: 12.

17 Only trust Him.

"They shall abundantly utter the memory of Thy great goodness, and shall sing of Thy righteousness." PSALM cxlv: 7.

18 You will praise Him.

* This tune as it now stands, was first heard in Scotland, where hundreds were asking "what shall we do to be saved." Those who never heard it under such circumstances, cannot judge of its persuasive power to lead trembling sinners to the cross. The verses, of which we have given the first lines, can easily be filled out. Thousands will remember this hymn to all eternity, as having been used by God in leading them to Jesus. It has often, also, impressed upon the careless, the solemn declaration of God's word, "Behold now is the accepted time, behold, now is the day of salvation." 1st COR. vi: 2.

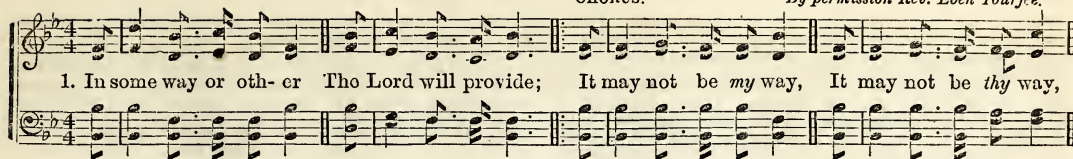
THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

Prof. C. S. HARRINGTON.

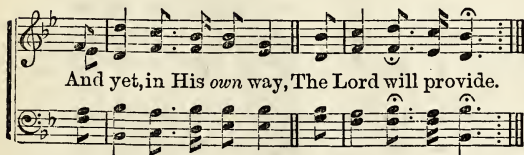
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CHORUS.

By permission Rev. Eben Tourjée.



1. In some way or oth- er The Lord will provide; It may not be *my* way, It may not be *thy* way,



And yet, in His *own* way, The Lord will provide.

2 At some time* or other
The Lord will provide;
It may not be *my* time,
It may not be *thy* time,
And yet, in His *own* time,
The Lord will provide.
Cho.—It may not be *my* way, &c.

3 Despond, then, no longer;
The Lord will provide;
And this be the token—
No word He hath spoken
Was ever yet broken,—
The Lord will provide.
Cho.—It may not be *my* way, &c.

4 March on, then, right boldly;
The sea shall divide;
The pathway made glorious
With shoutings victorious,
We'll join in the chorus.
The Lord will provide.
Cho.—It may not be *my* way, &c.

Response to "Come to Jesus," page 90.

1 I am coming, I am coming
To my Saviour, just now,
Just now I am coming,
I am coming just now.

2 He will save me, &c.

3 I'll believe Him.

4 Jesus help me.

5 Help me trust Thee.

6 I love Jesus.

7 I'll obey Him.

8 Work for Jesus.

9 We will praise Him.

10 Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Amen;
Amen, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Amen.

The following note was read at one of the large union prayer meetings in the First Presbyterian church, (O. S.) Rochester.

"Mr. H:—Thank you for singing that hymn, 'EVEN ME,' for it was the singing of that hymn that saved me. I was a lost woman, a wicked mother. I have stolen, and lied, and been so bad to my dear little innocent children. I have no friend. I have attended your inquiry meetings, but no one came to me on account of the crowd, so I went away always wretched—lost. But Saturday afternoon, at the First Presbyterian Church,

when they all sang those beautiful words, 'Let some droppings fall on ME, and blessing others, O bless me, even me.' It seemed to reach my very soul. I thought Jesus can accept 'me, even ME,' a bad, wicked, passionate mother; and it brought me to His feet, and I feel my burden of sin removed. Jesus has accepted ME, EVEN ME. Can you wonder that I love those words, or love to hear them sung? Ah! may I too sing them when He shall take me before His throne at the last, and accept EVEN ME. God bless you. Yours truly. A CONVERT.

ELIZABETH CODNER. 1860.

WM. B. BRADBURY. *By per.*

1. Lord I hear of showers of blessings, Thou art scattering full and free; Show'rs the thir-s ty land re-fresh-ing,
2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa-ther, Sin-ful though my heart may be; Thou might'st leave me, but the rath-er,

Let some droppings fall on me. E - ven me, E - ven me, Let some droppings fall on me.
Let Thy mer - cy light on me. E - ven me, E - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
Let me live and cling to Thee;
Fain I'm longing for Thy favor;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, call for me—Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me.—Even me.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God so rich and boundless,
Magnify it all in me,—Even me.

6 Pass me not, Thy lost one bringing;
Bind my heart, O Lord to Thee;
Whilst the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, oh, bless me,—Even me.

"EVEN ME." (Praise.)

"He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God.—Ps. xl. 3.

While in Weston-super-Mary, England, it was my privilege to meet with Mrs. CODNER, the celebrated author of the well known hymn, 'EVEN ME.' She was grateful to God when she learned how much it had been blessed in the United States.

She very kindly gave me, at that time, the following hymn, never before in print, which will be found expressive of the joyful feelings of those who in sorrow have sung 'EVEN ME.'

- 1 Lord! to Thee my heart ascending,
For Thy mercy full and free,
Sings its thanks for grace transcending,
Grace vouchsafed to sinful me—Even me.
- 2 Holy Father! who with yearning
Of eternal love, didst see
This poor blind one's evil turning;
Thou didst give Thy Son for me—Even me.
- 3 Precious Saviour! Great Redeemer!
Praise, eternal praise to Thee!
Though so long a wandering sinner,
Thou hast kindly welcomed me—Even me.
- 4 And to Thee, O mighty Spirit,
Blessing shall for ever be;
Witnessing of Jesus' merit,
Thou hast bro't sweet peace to me—Even me.

- 5 But I'm lost in joyful wondering,
And I say—oh, can it be,
That there will be no more sundering
'Twixt my blessed Lord and me?—Even me.
- 6 Can it be that I, an alien,
Now a child shall ever be?
Can it be that, all forgiven,
Glory is prepared for me?—Even me.
- 7 Yes! for Jesus liveth ever,
And His blood hath made me free;
From His love no foe can sever,
For He gave *Himself* for me.—Even me.
- 8 Lord! I thank Thee for salvation,
Grace so mighty and so free;
Take my all in consecration,
Glorify Thyself in me—Even me.

Elizabeth Codner, 1867.

"JESUS ON THE CROSS I SAW."

"When I saw the loving Jesus on the cross, I could almost hear Him say that my sins were all forgiven."

Listen to what a young convert says, who lingered long ere she gave herself to Christ. She went to church again and again, and came away even more wretched than when she entered. "One evening," she says, "I went to church almost in despair, and tried to listen, when suddenly I saw the loving Jesus on the cross looking at me, and I could almost hear him

say that my sins were forgiven. It was almost too good to believe. The next evening I could not help singing those sweet hymns with the rest of the congregation." If you, dear reader, have seen with faith the Saviour on the cross bleeding for you, then you, too, can sing with joyful heart the hymn below.

TUNE—"Jesus loves me," page 58.

- 1 Jesus on the cross I saw,
Bleeding, dying, all for me;
I could almost hear him say,
"All thy sins are pardoned thee."
Cho.—I have seen Jesus,
I have seen Jesus,
I have seen Jesus,
My Saviour, on the cross.

- 2 First my heart could scarce believe,
That my sins were all forgiven,
But assurance I've received,
And I hope to sing in heaven.—*Cho.*
- 3 Now my soul is full of joy,
"I love Jesus, yes, I do;"
Singing is my chief employ,
"Jesus smiles, and loves me too."—*Cho. E.P.H.*

1. A - rise, my soul a - rise; Shake off thy guilt-y fears; The bleeding Sac - ri - fice In my be-half appears; Be-
 fore the throne my Sure-ty stands, Be-fore the throne my Sure-ty stands, My name is writ-ten on His hands.

2 Five bleeding wounds He bears,
 Received on Calvary;
 They pour effectual prayers,
 They strongly plead for me:—
 Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
 Nor let that ransomed sinner die.

3 The Father hears him pray,
 His dear anointed One:
 He cannot turn away
 The presence of his Son:
 His Spirit answers to the blood,
 And tells me I am born of God.

4 My God is reconciled;
 His pard'ning voice I hear;
 He owns me for His child;
 I can no longer fear:
 With confidence I now draw nigh,
 And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

YE SAINTS! YOUR MUSIC BRING.

1 Ye saints! your music bring,
 And swell the rapturous sound;
 Strike every trembling string,
 Till earth and heaven resound:
 The triumphs of the cross we sing—
 Awake, ye saints! each joyful string.

2 The cross—the cross alone—
 Subdued the powers of hell;
 Like lightning from His throne,
 The prince of darkness fell;
 The triumphs of the cross we sing—
 Awake, ye saints, each joyful string.

3 The cross hath power to save,
 From all the foes that rise;
 The cross hath made the grave
 A passage to the skies;
 The triumphs of the cross we sing—
 Awake, ye saints! each joyful string.

Andrew Reed, 1817.

GOD IS GONE UP ON HIGH.

1 God is gone up on high,
 With a triumphant noise;
 The clarions of the sky
 Proclaim th' angelic joys:
 Join, all on earth! rejoice and sing,
 Glory ascribe to glory's King.

2 All power to our great Lord
 Is by the Father given,
 By angel-hosts adored,
 He reigns supreme in heaven;
 Join, all on earth! rejoice and sing,
 Glory ascribe to glory's King.

3 Then all on earth, renewed
 In righteousness divine,
 With all the hosts of God,
 In one great chorus join:
 Join, all on earth! rejoice and sing,
 Glory ascribe to glory's King.

C. Wesley, 1747.

(Hymns to "Lenox," page 94.)

JESUS—TRANSPORTING NAME.

1 Jesus—transporting name!
It charms the hosts above;
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at His love;
They look upon His heavenly face,
And study His mysterious grace.

2 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free,
'Tis music in his ears,
'Tis life and victory;
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

3 Oh, for a trumpet voice,
On all the world to call;
To bid their hearts rejoice
In Him, who died for all;
Inspire with praise each human
tongue,
And wake a universal song.

C. Wesley.

PARTING:—TO MEET AGAIN.

1 Jesus, accept the praise
That to Thy name belongs;
Matter of all our lays,
Subject of all our songs;
Through Thee we now together
came,
And part, exulting in Thy Name.

2 In flesh we part awhile,
But still in spirit joined,
'T' embrace the happy toil
Thou hast to each assigned;
And while we do Thy blessed will,
We bear our heaven about us still.

3 There we shall meet again,
When all our toils are o'er,
And death, and grief, and pain,
And parting are no more:
We shall with all our brethren rise,
And see Thee in the flaming skies.

C. Wesley.

NO MERCY THERE.

1 When frowning death appears,
And points his fatal dart,
What dark foreboding fears
Distract the sinner's heart!
The dreadful blow no arm can
stay,
But torn away, he sinks to woe.

2 Now every hope denied,
Bereft of every good,
He must the wrath abide
Of an avenging God:
No mercy there will greet his ear,
Nor wipe the tear of black despair.

3 Sinners, awake, attend,
And flee the wrath to come;
Make Christ, the Judge, your friend;
And heaven shall be your home:
His mercy nigh, now points the
path
Th leads from death to joys on
high.

Lec.

BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURDEN.

1 Thou God of truth and love,
We seek Thy perfect way,
Ready Thy choice t' approve,
Thy providence t' obey;
Enter into Thy wise design,
And sweetly lose our will in Thine.

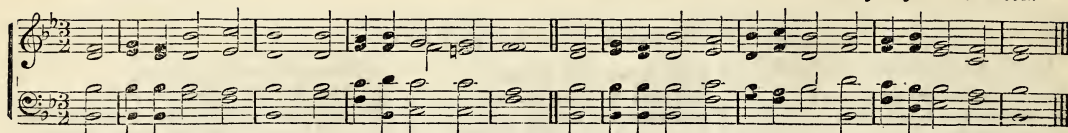
2 Why hast Thou cast our lot
In the same age and place?
And why together brought
To see each other's face;—
To join with softest sympathy,
And mix our friendly souls in Thee?

3 Didst Thou not make us one,
That we might one remain;—
Together travel on,
And bear each other's pain;—
Till all Thy utmost goodness prove,
And rise, renewed in perfect love?

C. Wesley

E. P. H. 1866.

Arranged by DR. L. MASON.



1 In Pilate's house behold,
The blessed Saviour bound;
His marble brow all deadly cold,
With thorns He there is crowned.

2 Draw near to Him I pray,
He's wounded there for thee;
Oh! do no turn from Him away,
List to that mockery.

3 Oh! see those cruel stripes
Upon His back all bare; [wipes
See from His bleeding brow He
The blood that trickles there.

4 That blood was shed for thee,
For thee 'twas freely spilt;
From all thy sins to set thee free,
And cleanse away thy guilt.

5 He died that thou mightst live,
Oh! come and trust Him now;
He'll freely all thy sins forgive,
And clothe with peace thy brow.

6 Now say: oh, Lord—I pray
For Jesus' sake alone;
Take all my sins and guilt away,
And make me all thine own.

From "Sketches of Palestine."

A REVIVAL SOUGHT.

1 Revive thy work, O Lord!
Thy mighty arm make bare; [dead
Speak, with the voice that wakes the
And make thy people hear.

2 Revive thy work, O Lord!
Disturb this sleep of death; [now
Quicken the smouldering embers
By thine almighty breath.

3 Revive thy work, O Lord!
Exalt thy precious name;
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love,
For thee and thine inflame.

4 Revive thy work, O Lord!
And give refreshing showers;
The glory shall be all thine own,
The blessing, Lord! be ours.

Albert Midlane. 1861.

PRAYER FOR REVIVAL.

1 O Lord, thy work revive
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And let our dying graces live,
By thy restoring power.

2 Oh, let thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer;
Their sacred vows again renew,
And walk in filial fear.

3 Thy spirit then will speak
Through lips of feeble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,
Till rebels shall obey.

4 Now lend thy gracious ear;
Now listen to our cry;
Oh, come and bring salvation near,
Our souls on thee rely.

Mrs. P. H. Brown.

O FOR THE HAPPY HOUR.

1 O for the happy hour
When God will hear our cry,
And send, with a reviving power,
His Spirit from on high.

2 Our prayers are faint and dull,
And languid all our songs; [full,
Where once with joy our hearts were
And rapture tuned our tongues.

3 Thou, thou alone canst give
Thy gospel sure success;
Canst bid the dying sinner live
Anew in holiness.

4 Come, then, with power divide,
Spirit of life and love;
Then shall our people all be thine,
Our church like that above.

George W. Bethune.

AMAZING GRACE. C. M.

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JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

Arranged by H. P. M.

1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me! I once was lost, but
 2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved: How precious did that
 3. Thro' ma - ny dan - gers, toils, and snares, I have al - rea - dy come; 'Tis grace has brought me

now am found, Was blind, but now I see. Was blind, but now I see, Was blind, but now I see:
 grace ap - pear, The hour I first be - lieved! The hour I first be - lieved! The hour I first be - lieved!
 safe thus far, And grace will lead me home, And grace will lead me home, And grace will lead me home;

JESUS' NAME.

- 1 Jesus, I love Thy charming name,
 'Tis music to mine ear;
 Fain would I sound it out so loud
 That earth and heaven should hear.
- 2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
 My transport and my trust;
 Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,
 And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
 And sheds its fragrance there;
 The noblest balm of all its wounds,
 The cordial of its care.

P. Doddridge.

COME, HOLY GHOST.

- 1 Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire;
 Let us Thine influence prove;—
 Source of the old prophetic fire;
 Fountain of life and love.
- 2 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by Thee
 The prophets wrote and spoke:
 Unlock the truth, Thyself the key;
 Unseal the sacred book.
- 3 God, through himself, we then shall know,
 If Thou within us shine;
 And sound, with all Thy saints below,
 The depths of love divine.

C. Wesley.

From "New Praises of Jesus," by per.

1. My God I have found The thrice blessed ground, Where life, and where joy, and true com-fort a-bound.

CHORUS.

{ Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! }
 { Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry! [Omit.] } Re-vive us a - gain.

2 'Tis found in the blood
 Of Him who once stood
 My refuge and safety, my surety with God.—*Cho.*

3 He bore on the tree
 The sentence for me,
 And now both the Surety and sinner are free.—*Cho.*

4 Accepted I am
 In the once-offered Lamb;
 It was God who Himself had devised the plan.—*Cho.*

5 And though here below,
 'Mid sorrow and woe,
 My place is in heaven with Jesus I know.—*Cho.*

6 And this I shall find,
 For such is His mind,
 "He'll not be in glory and leave me behind."—*Cho.*

7 For soon He will come
 And take me safe home,
 And make me to sit with Himself, on His throne.—*Cho.*

REVIVE US AGAIN.

1 We praise Thee, O God!
 For the Son of Thy love,
 For Jesus, who died, and is now gone above.—*Cho.*

2 We praise Thee, O God!
 For Thy Spirit of light,
 Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our
 night.—*Cho.*

3 All glory and praise

To the Lamb that was slain, [stain.—*Cho.*
 Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every

4 All glory and praise
 To the God of all grace, [ways.—*Cho.*
 Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our

5 Revive us again;
 Fill each heart with Thy love;
 May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.—*Cho.*

W. P. Mackay.

Tenderly.

1. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to welcome thee, O wand'rer, ea - ger - ly; Come, come to Je - sus!
 2. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to ran - som thee, O slave! e - ter - nal - ly; Come, come to Je - sus!
 3. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to light - en thee, O burdened graciously; Come, come to Je - sus!

4 Come, come to Jesus!
 He waits to give to thee,
 O blind! a vision free;
 Come, come to Jesus!

5 Come, come to Jesus!
 He waits to shelter thee,
 O weary! blessedly;
 Come, come to Jesus!

6 Come, come to Jesus!
 He waits to carry thee,
 O Lamb so lovingly,
 Come, come to Jesus!

"Tune on page 98."

MY GOD, I AM THINE.

- 1 My God, I am Thine; what a comfort divine—
 What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine! *Cho.*
- 2 In the heavenly Lamb thrice happy I am;
 And my heart doth rejoice at the sound of His name. *Cho.*
- 3 True pleasures abound in the rapturous sound;
 And whoever hath found it, hath paradise found. *Cho.*
- 4 My Jesus to know, and feel His love flow,
 'Tis life everlasting—'tis heaven below. *Cho.*
- 5 Yet onward I haste to the heavenly feast:
 That—that is the fulness, but this is the taste! *Cho.*

PRAISE.

- 1 We praise Thy great love, our Father and God
 Rejoicing in Jesus, whom Thou hast bestowed;
Cho.—Hallelujah, Thine the glory, Hallelujah, Amen,
 Hallelujah, Thine the glory, revive us again.
- 2 We praise Thy great love, our Saviour and King,
 Beloved Immanuel, Thy praises we sing.
Cho.—Hallelujah, &c.

- 3 We praise Thy great love, blessed Spirit of might,
 Who has formed in us Jesus, and scattered our night.
Cho.—Hallelujah, &c.
- 4 We praise Thee, O God, for the joy Thou hast given,
 To Thy *saints* in communion, these foretastes of Heav'n.
Cho.—Hallelujah, &c.

PART SECOND.

- 1 Accepted in Christ, who has stood in our place,
 We shall shew in THE GLORY God's riches of grace.
Cho.—Hallelujah, *come in Glory*; Hallelujah, Amen.
 Hallelujah, *come in Glory*, come quickly again.
- 2 We work for Him now, till—His body complete,
 The Bride and the Bridegroom, in glory shall meet.
Cho.—Hallelujah, &c.
- 3 And Jesus, we wait for the time Thou shalt come;
 We long for Thy presence, our heavenly home.
Cho.—Hallelujah, &c.
- 4 We praise Thee, O God, for the springs by the way.
 That refresh us, lone pilgrims, while our Lord is away.
Cho.—Hallelujah, &c.

DEAR JESUS, I AM THINE.

"Little Fanny, of eleven years, says: '*I love to pray; I pray three times a day.*' None can tell how much good she may do by a life of prayer.

"For a long time I have wished to be a Christian; but I did not find the way to Jesus till after I went to three of your children's meetings. There a kind lady spoke to me; and after praying at home, and dear papa telling me to give myself to

Jesus, I became very happy. Now I like to read my Bible, and try to love Him more and more every day. I can't do enough for dear Jesus. I like to sing. '*I love Jesus, yes I do.*' *I love to pray, and I pray three times a day.* Will you please to pray for me:

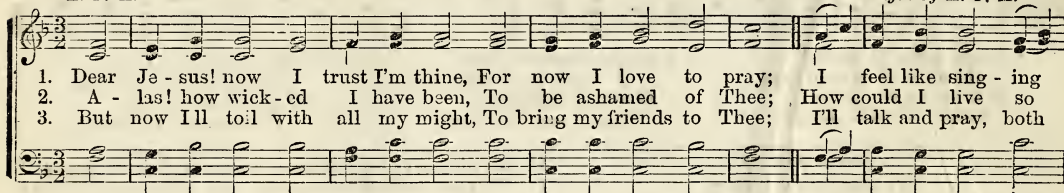
"Eleven years old."

"Your little friend."

"FANNY B——."

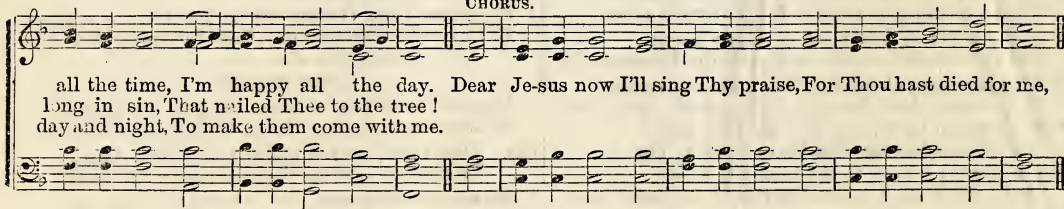
E. P. H.

Arranged by H. P. M.

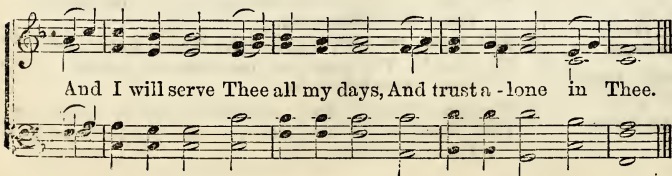


1. Dear Je - sus! now I trust I'm thine, For now I love to pray; I feel like sing - ing
2. A - las! how wick - ed I have been, To be ashamed of Thee; How could I live so
3. But now I'll toil with all my might, To bring my friends to Thee; I'll talk and pray, both

CHORUS.



all the time, I'm happy all the day. Dear Je - sus now I'll sing Thy praise, For Thou hast died for me,
long in sin, That nailed Thee to the tree!
day and night, To make them come with me.



And I will serve Thee all my days, And trust a - lone in Thee.

- 4 I'll pray that, like the little one,
Of whom I now have read,
My heart may yearn for those undone
By sin, whose souls are dead. — *Cho.*
5 I'll pray that they may Jesus love,
Who for their sins has died,
That they with Him may dwell above,
Who once was crucified. — *Cho.*

COMING TO JESUS.

- 1 Dear Jesus, I to Thee would come,
My hope is all in Thee;
I'm far from God, and far from home,
Oh, help and pity me.

Cho.—It was for me that Jesus bled
Upon the cruel tree;
For me He bowed His thorn-clad head
In bitter agony.

- 2 Although as yet I am but young,
I have a sinful heart,
Oft wicked words are on my tongue,
From Thee I've lived apart.—*Cho.*

- 3 Alas! alas! how blind I've been,
To live contented here!
My soul all clothed in rags of sin,
Oh, how must I appear!—*Cho.*

- 4 "Suffer the little ones to come,"
How often Thou hast said,
"And I will take them safely home—
For them my blood was shed."—*Cho.*

- 5 Oh, then, I will not be afraid,
Though called this hour to die;
Since all my sins on Thee were laid,
Thou'lt take me up on high.—*Cho.*

E. P. H.

THE SUFFERING OF CHRIST.

- 1 Think how the Holy Saviour bled
Upon the cruel tree;
And ask what means that doleful cry
Of bitter agony?

Cho.—It was for you that Jesus bled
Upon the cruel tree:
For you He bowed His thorn-clad head
In bitter agony.

- 2 'Twas not because the pierced nails
His hands and feet had torn,
'Twas not because His blessed brow,
Had felt the wreathed thorn.—*Cho.*

- 3 But deeper sorrows far than these
The blessed Jesus knew;
For ah! His soul was tasting then
The death to sinners due.—*Cho.*

- 4 'Twas love!—'twas love to ruin'd man,
Whose sin He deigned to bear—
That sinners, through His death of shame,
Eternal life might share.—*Cho.*

O WONDROUS LOVE!

- 1 Oh wondrous, deep, unbounded love,
My Saviour can it be
That Thou hast borne the crown of thorns,
And suffered death for me?

Cho.—I do believe, I now believe,
That Jesus died for me;
That here and hereafter,
I happy shall be.

- 2 I kneel, repenting, at Thy feet,
I give myself to Thee;
I plead Thy merits, Thine alone,
For Thou hast died for me.—*Cho.*

- 3 Oh, let me plunge beneath the tide,
For sinners flowing free,
Then rise, renewed by grace divine,
And shout salvation free.—*Cho.*

- 4 And when I reach Thy place above,
My sweetest notes will be,
Redemption through a Saviour's name,
Who bled and died for me.—*Cho.*

Fanny Crosby,—1873.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood,
 2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no languor know; This for sin could not a - tone;
 3. While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyes shall close in death; When I rise to worlds unknown,

From Thy wounded side which flow'd, Be of sin a dou-ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
 Thou must save, and Thou a - lone; In my hand no price I bring, Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling.
 And be - hold Thee on Thy throne, Rock of A - ges, cleft for me; Let me hide my-self in Thee.

WHAT WE OWE TO JESUS.

- 1 When this passing world is done,
 When has sunk yon glaring sun,
 When with Jesus I shall stand,
 Having reached the promised land;
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
 Not till then—how much I owe.
- 2 When I stand before the throne,
 Dress'd in beauty not my own;
 When I see Thee as Thou art,
 Love Thee with unsinning heart,
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
 Not till then—how much I owe.
- 3 When the praise of heaven I hear,
 Loud as thunders to the ear,
 Loud as many waters' noise,
 Sweet as harps' melodious voice;
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
 Not till then—how much I owe!

R. M. McCheyne.

GETHSEMANE.

- 1 Many woes had Christ endured,
 Many sore temptations met,
 Patient and to pains inured;
 But the sorest trial yet
 Was to be sustained in thee,
 Gloomy, sad Gethsemane.
- 2 Came at length the dreadful night;
 Vengeance, with its iron rod,
 Stood, and with collected might,
 Bruis'd the harmless Lamb of God:
 See, my soul, my Saviour see!
 Prostrate in Gethsemane.
- 3 There my God bore all my guilt;
 This, thro' grace, can be believed;
 But the horrors which He felt
 Are too vast to be conceived:
 None can penetrate through thee,
 Doleful, dark Gethsemane.

J. Hart. 1757.

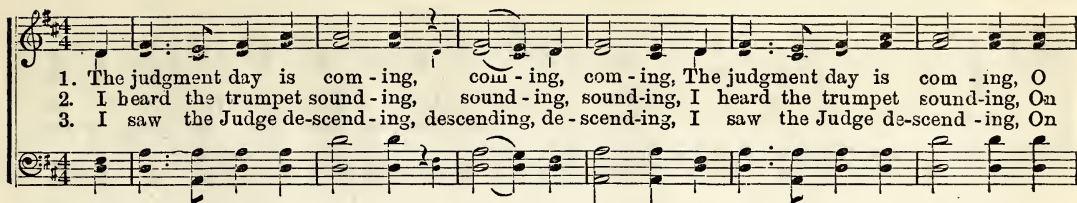
ONLY THEE.

- 1 Blessed Saviour! Thee I love,
 All my other joys above;
 All my hopes in Thee abide,
 Thou my hope, and naught beside;
 Ever let my glory be,
 Only, only, only Thee.
- 2 Once again beside the cross,
 All my gain I count but loss;
 Earthly pleasures fade away,
 Clouds they are that hide my day:
 Hence, vain shadows! let me see
 Jesus, crucified for me.
- 4 Blessed Saviour! Thine am I,
 Thine to live, and Thine to die;
 Height, or depth, or earthly power
 Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more;
 Ever shall my glory be
 Only, only, only Thee.

G. Duffield.

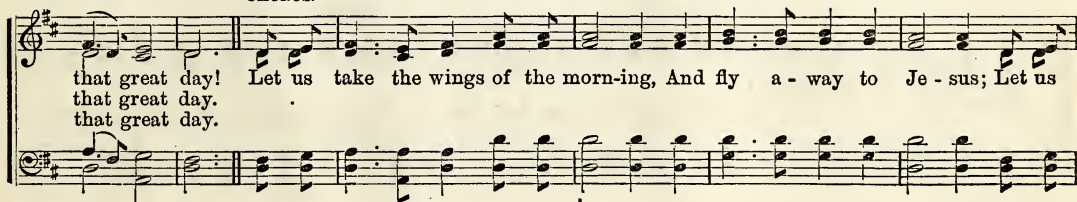
JUDGMENT HYMN.

Arranged by H. P. M. 103

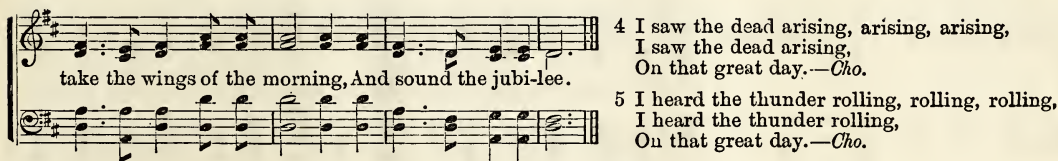


1. The judgment day is com - ing, com - ing, com - ing, The judgment day is com - ing, O
 2. I heard the trumpet sound - ing, sound - ing, sound - ing, I heard the trumpet sound - ing, On
 3. I saw the Judge de - scend - ing, descend - ing, I saw the Judge de - scend - ing, On

CHORUS.



that great day! Let us take the wings of the morn - ing, And fly a - way to Je - sus; Let us
 that great day.
 that great day.



take the wings of the morning, And sound the jubi - lee.

4 I saw the dead arising, arising, arising,
 I saw the dead arising,
 On that great day.—*Cho.*

5 I heard the thunder rolling, rolling, rolling,
 I heard the thunder rolling,
 On that great day.—*Cho.*

6 I saw the lightning blazing, blazing, blazing,
 I saw the lightning blazing,
 On that great day.—*Cho.*

7 I heard the wicked wailing, wailing, wailing,
 I heard the wicked wailing,
 On that great day.

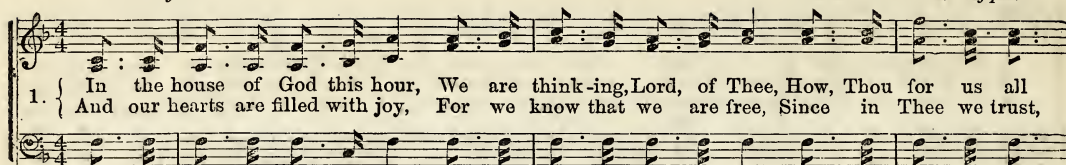
Cho.—For they took not the wings of the morning,
 Nor flew away to Jesus;

For they took not the wings of the morning,
 Nor sang the jubilee.

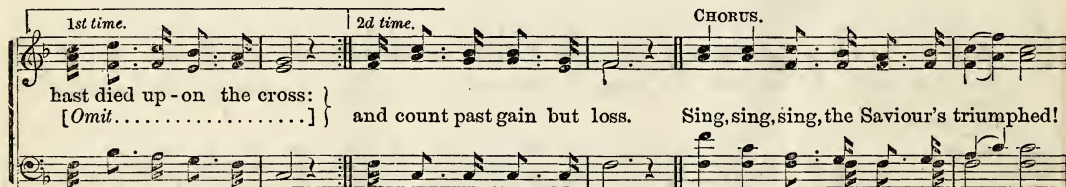
8 I heard the righteous shouting, shouting, shouting,
 I heard the righteous shouting,
 On that great day.

Cho.—For they took the wings of the morning,
 And flew away to Jesus;
 For they took the wings of the morning,
 And sang the jubilee.

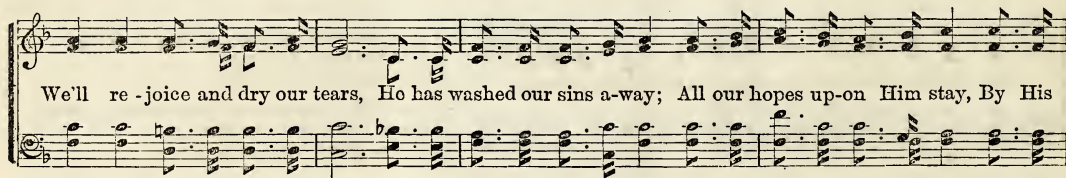
Words by E. P. H.

HUBERT P. MAIN. *By per.*


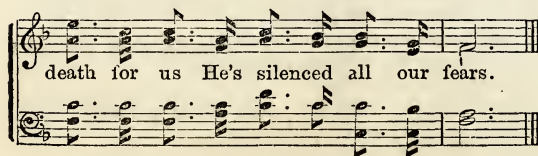
1. { In the house of God this hour, We are think-ing, Lord, of Thee, How, Thou for us all
And our hearts are filled with joy, For we know that we are free, Since in Thee we trust,



1st time. 2d time. CHORUS.
hast died up-on the cross: { and count past gain but loss. Sing, sing, sing, the Saviour's triumphed!
[Omit.....]



We'll re-joice and dry our tears, He has washed our sins a-way; All our hopes up-on Him stay, By His



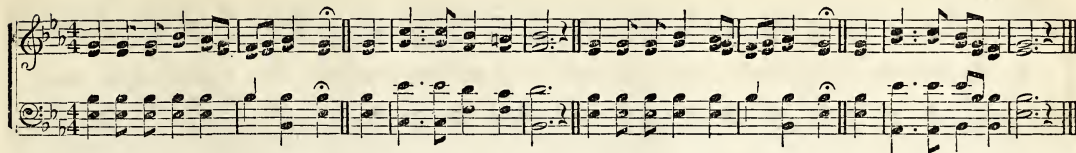
death for us He's silenced all our fears.

2 In the battle front we'll stand,
There defying Satan's rage,
For our strength is now in Christ for evermore:
And the hosts of darkness, they
Shall be driven in dismay,
And we'll shout the cry of "Victory!" o'er and o'er.
Cho.—Sing, sing, sing, &c.

"Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." 2 Zech. iv. 6. "Shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him." Luke xi. 13.

E. P. H.

DR. L. MASON.



1 Teach us, oh Lord, how weak we
That all our strength is vain, [are,
That only by the Spirit's power
Thy work revives again.

2 And teach us, Lord, how willingly
Thy Spirit Thou dost give,
And help us now in faith to pray,
And then the dead shall live.

3 Oh, come, and by Thy Spirit's
Convince us all of sin, [power,
And from this consecrated hour,
Thy gracious work begin.

4 Oh may the young and aged too,
With deep contrition cry,
I'm lost, oh Lord, what shall I do?
Oh, whither shall I fly?

5 Then may they think of Him who
Upon the cruel tree, [died
Who, for their sins was crucified,
From guilt to set them free.

6 And may they hear the Saviour
Look unto Me and live! [cry,
I am the Life, the Truth, the Way,
I will salvation give.

PRAYER.

1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the Christian's vital
The Christian's native air; [breath,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

J. Montgomery, 1819.

Tune on opposite page.

3 Sinners, who are out of Christ,
Oh say, why will you delay,
When to you is offered richest joy and bliss?
Well we know that you for aye
Will thank God and bless the day,
If you only will accept Christ's righteousness.—*Cho.*

4 Jesus is your loving Friend,
And He wants to save you now,—
Twas for you that He so kindly bled and died,

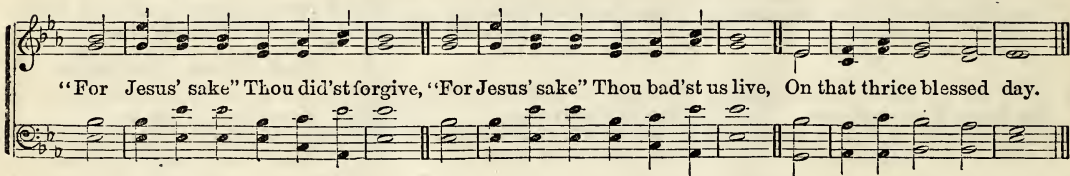
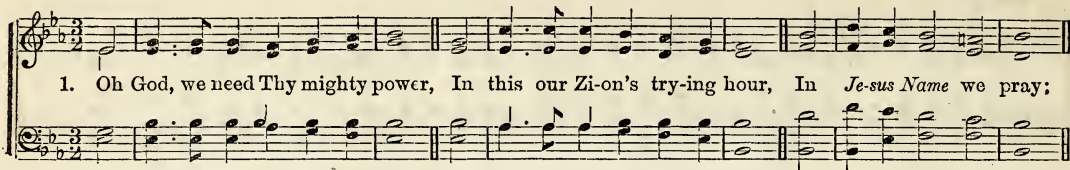
Oh then, think of all His groans,
Of His pierced, thorn clad brow,
When He died that justice might be satisfied.—*Cho.*

5 Only trust in Him "just now,"
And He'll surely you forgive,
And our joyous chorus then with us you'll sing,
You will also taste the joys,
Which our Lord doth ever give
To the soul that unto Him doth always cling.—*Cho.*

E. P. H. 1873.

"Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father IN MY NAME, He will give it you" John xvi : 23.

Dr. L. MASON.



2 But now we pray "*in Jesus' Name,*"

The Holy Spirit's power we claim,

We come with boldness now.

The Saviour's promise still we hear,

The mercy-seat it brings us near,

And there in faith we bow.

3 We each, O Lord, confess with shame,

That e'er we prayed "*in Jesus' Name*"

We had no power with Thee:

But now our prayers they must prevail,

In Jesus' name we cannot fail;

Thine shall the glory be.

4 Our prayer is for Thy people, Lord,
That they may be of "one accord"

Before the throne of grace:

Then will they everywhere proclaim

The power of prayer in Jesus' Name,

And love to see Thy face.

5 The lost will surely hear them tell,

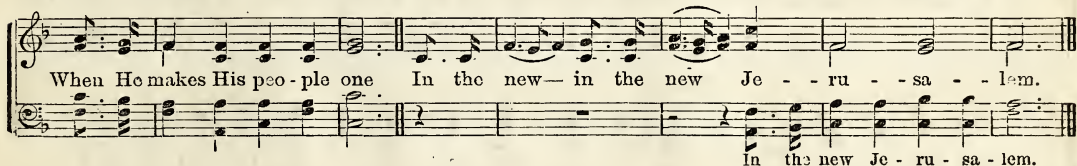
How Jesus came to save from hell,

And bore their guilt and shame:

Their tears will melt the hardest heart,

Their words to some will life impart,

Who'll pray in "*Jesus' Name.*"



- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| <p>2 We can see that distant home,
Tho' clouds rise dark between:
Faith views the radiant dome,
And a lustre flashes keen
 : From the new: Jerusalem.</p> | <p>3 O glory shining far
From the never-setting Sun!
O trembling morning-star!
Our journey's almost done
 : To the new: Jerusalem.</p> | <p>4 O holy, heavenly home!
O rest eternal there!
When shall the exiles come, [care,
Where they cease from earthly
 : In the new: Jerusalem.</p> |
|--|---|---|

P R O B A T I O N .

Tune "Meribah," page 106.

- 1 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Yet how insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.
- 2 O God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

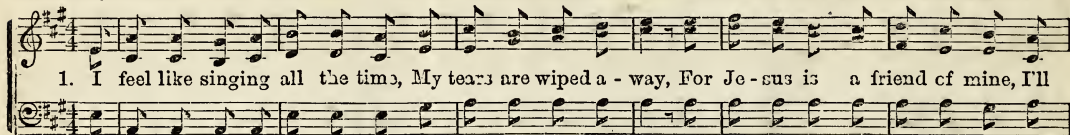
- 3 Before me place in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When Thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at Thy bar;
And tell me Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?
- 4 Be this my one great business here—
With serious industry and fear,
Eternal bliss to' ensure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,
And suffer all Thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

"I think that I have found the dear Jesus. I do not see how I could have rejected him so long. I think I can sing, with the rest of those who have found Jesus 'Jesus is mine.' The first time that I came to these meetings I cried; but now I feel like singing all the time. The devil did not like it when I found the

dear Jesus. This morning I am afraid he was trying to tempt me, but I prayed that Jesus would help me to resist him; and I think he did. Will you please pray for two very dear friends who are yet without Jesus? May they shed tears when they hear the melting story of the Lamb!"

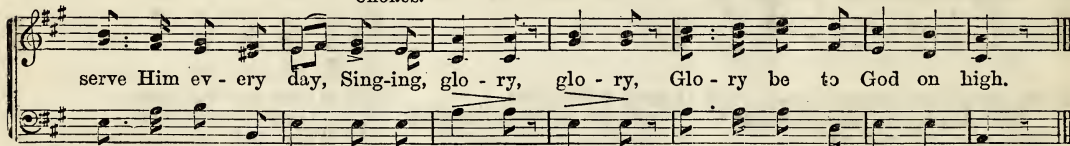
Words by E. P. H.

Music by H. E. MATTHEWS.



1. I feel like singing all the time, My tears are wiped a - way, For Je - sus is a friend of mine, I'll

CHORUS.



serve Him ev - ery day, Sing-ing, glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high.

- 2 When on the cross my Lord I saw,
Nailed there by sins of mine,
Fast fell the burning tears; but now
I'm singing all the time.—*Cho.*
- 3 When fierce temptations try my heart,
I'll sing "Jesus is mine;"
And so, though tears at times may start,
I'm singing all the time.—*Cho.*
- 4 Oh, happy little singing one,
What music is like thine?
With Jesus as thy Life and Sun,
Go singing all the time!—*Cho.*
- 5 "The melting story of the Lamb"
Tell with that voice of thine,
Till others, with the glad new song,
Go singing all the time.—*Cho.*

I LOVE THE LORD.

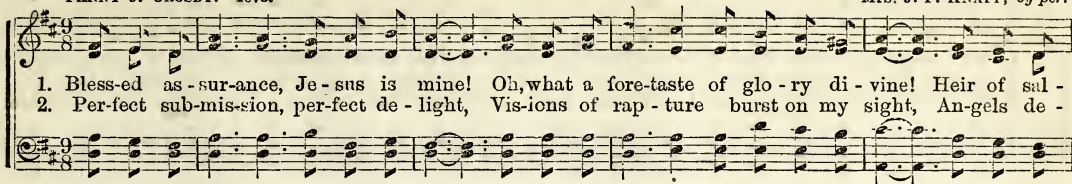
- 1 I love the Lord my God because
That He hath heard my cry;
With joy I'll now obey His laws,
I'll serve Him till I die.—*Cho.*
- 2 The fears of death encompassed me,
The pains of hell alarmed,
'Twas then, O Lord, I called on Thee,
And all my fears were calmed.—*Cho.*
- 3 Return unto thy rest, my soul,
Thou, Lord, art all my stay,
I yield myself to Thy control,
Oh teach me, Lord, Thy way.—*Cho.*
- 4 My soul is rescued now from death,
Mine eyes are free from tears,
I'll praise Thee with my daily breath,
Till Christ our Lord appears.—*Cho.* E. P. H.

BLESSED ASSURANCE.

109

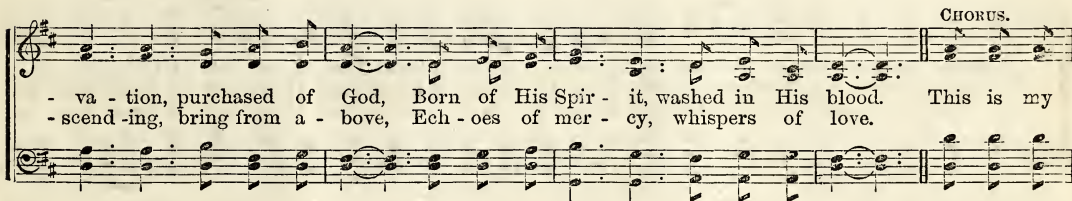
FANNY J. CROSBY. 1873.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP, *by per.*

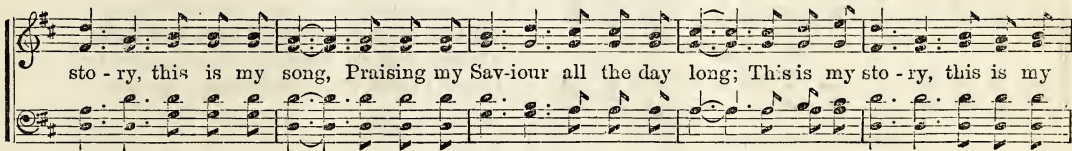


1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-
 2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap-ture burst on my sight, An-gels de-

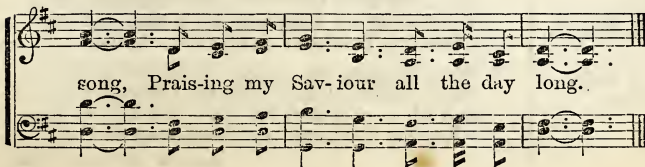
CHORUS.



- va - tion, purchased of God, Born of His Spir - it, washed in His blood. This is my
 - scend - ing, bring from a - bove, Ech - oes of mer - cy, whispers of love.



sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long; This is my sto - ry, this is my



song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long.

3.

Perfect submission, all is at rest,
 I in my Saviour am happy and blest,
 Watching and waiting, looking above,—
 Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

Cho.—This is my story, &c.

1. My Je-sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the pleasures of sin I resign; My
 2. I love Thee, be-cause Thou hast first lov-ed me, And purchased my pardon on Cal-va-ry's tree; I
 3. I'll love Thee in life, and I'll love Thee in death, And praise Thee as long as Thou givest me breath; And

gracious Redeem-er, my Saviour art Thou; If ev-er I loved Thee, If ev-er I loved Thee, If
 love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow, If ev-er I loved Thee, If ev-er I loved Thee, &c.
 say, when the death-dew lies cold on my brow, "If ev-er I loved Thee, If ev-er I loved Thee, &c.

ev-er I loved Thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now.

4 In mansions of glory and endless delight,
 I'll ever adore Thee in yon heaven of light,
 I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
 "If ever I loved Thee, || dear Jesus, 'tis now."

JEHOVAH TSIDKENU.

- 1 I once was a stranger to grace and to God,
 I knew not my danger, and felt not my load;
 Though friends spoke in rapture of Christ on the tree,
 "Jehovah Tsidkenu"* was nothing to me.
- 2 When free grace awoke me by light from on high,
 Then legal fears shook me, I trembled to die;
 No refuge or safety in self could I see—
 "Jehovah Tsidkenu" my Saviour must be.

* Pronounced Sid-ke-new.

- 3 My terrors all vanished before the sweet Name,
 My guilty fears banished, with boldness I came
 To drink at the Fountain, life-giving and free;
 "Jehovah Tsidkenu" is all things to me.
- 4 When treading the valley and shadow of death,
 This watchword shall rally my faltering breath:
 And when from life's fever my God sets me free,
 "Jehovah Tsidkenu" my death-song shall be.

Robert M. McCheyne. 1834.

NEWMAN.

Spirited.

From "Songs of Devotion," by per.

1. Men of the Christian Mis-sion, Go bear the Cross of God! Be-hold your high com-mis-sion; Go
d. s. Like migh-ty riv-ers roll-ing, The

FINE.
tread the paths He trod. The great high Cap-tain call-ing, "Stand for the Right, be strong!"
watch-word pass a-long. *D. S. S.*

2 Go in the power of Jesus,
His royal grace proclaim,
Uphold the word so precious,
The tal'sman of His name!
Go with a brother's feeling,
To sorrowing souls around;
Go pour the oil of healing
In every mortal wound.

3 In day of Jesus' glory,
His gracious words may be,
"Each deed of love before me,
Was even done to me."
Men of the Christian Mission,
Then bear the Cross of God!
Behold your high commission,
Go tread the paths He trod.

SPIRIT OF THE GOSPEL.

1 To Thee, O blessed Saviour,
Our grateful songs we raise;
Oh, tune our hearts and voices
Thy holy name to praise:
'Tis by Thy sovereign mercy
We're now allowed to meet,
And join with friends and teachers,
Thy blessing to entreat.

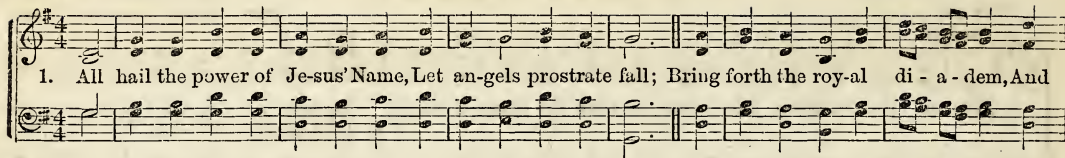
2 Oh, may Thy precious gospel
Be published all abroad,
Till the benighted heathen
Shall know and serve the Lord;
Till o'er the wide creation
The rays of truth shall shine,
And nations now in darkness
Arise to light divine.

ADORATION OF JESUS.

1 To Thee, my God, my Saviour,
My soul, exulting, sings;
Rejoicing in Thy favor,
Almighty King of kings!
'I'll celebrate Thy glory.
With all the saints above,
And tell the joyful story
Of Thy redeeming love.

2 Soon as the morn with roses
Bedecks the dewy East,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast,
My voice in supplication,
My Saviour, Thou shalt hear;
Oh, grant me Thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near.

Haweis.



- 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him, who saves you by His
grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Sinners! whose love can ne'er for-
get
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 5 O! that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

GLORY OF THE SACRED PAGE.

- 1 What glory gilds the sacred page!
Majestic, like the sun,
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.
- 2 The power that gave it still sup-
The gracious light and heat; [plies
Its truths upon the nations rise:
They rise, but never set.
- 3 Lord! everlasting thanks be Thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.
- 4 Our souls rejoicingly pursue
The steps of Him we love,
Till glory breaks upon our view
In brighter worlds above.

Wm. Cowper, 1779.

INVITATION TO PRAISE.

- 1 O for a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.
- 2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,—
To spread, through all the earth
The honors of Thy Name. [abroad,
- 3 Jesus!—the Name that charms our
That bids our sorrows cease; [fears,
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancell'd
He sets the pris'n'r free; [sin,
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avail'd for me.

C. Wesley.

1. { Je- sus, lov- er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo- som fly, }
 { While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high; } Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide,

Till the storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha- ven guide; Oh, re- ceive my soul at las'.

2 Other refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
 Leave, O! leave me not alone;
 Still support and comfort me:
 All my trust on Thee is stayed;
 All my help from Thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want:
 More than all in Thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is Thy name;
 I am all unrighteousness;
 False, and full of sin I am;
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

1 Plenteous grace with Thee is
 Grace to cover all my sin: [found,
 Let the healing streams abound;
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art;
 Freely let me take of Thee:
 Spring Thou up within my heart;
 Rise to all eternity.

REPENTANCE AT THE CROSS.

1 Hearts of stone, relent, relent!
 Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;
 See His body mangled, rent,
 Stain'd and cover'd with His blood!
 Sinful soul, what hast Thou done?
 Crucified the' eternal Son.

2 Yes, thy sins have done the deed;
 Driven the nails that fix'd Him
 there
 Crown'd with thorns His sacred
 head;
 Plunged into His side the spear;
 Made His soul a sacrifice,
 While for a sinful man He dies.

3 Wilt thou let Him bleed in vain.
 Still to death thy Lord pursue?
 Open all His wounds again,
 And the shameful cross renew?
 No; with all my sins I'll part;
 Saviour, take my broken heart.

"We know not what we should pray for as we ought; but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered."—Rom. viii : 26.

E. P. H. 1873.

ENGLISH.

1. Thou Spir - it of all grace, We hum-bly seek Thy face, Help us to pray; To Thee a -
 lone we cling, Thou can'st sal - va - tion bring, Thy might-y power we'll sing, Help us to - day.

- 2 O may the sinners' round,
 Within Thy house be found,
 Of one accord;
 Here may they cry to Thee,
 To Christ their Saviour flee,
 And ever happy be
 In Christ their Lord.
- 3 Give to our precious youth,
 Soul-saving views of truth,
 Great God our King;
 May they to Jesus throng,
 And bring their friends along,
 To join the happy song
 We love to sing.

WORTHY IS THE LAMB.

- 1 Come, all ye saints of God;
 Wide through the earth abroad
 Spread Jesus' fame;

Tell what His love has done;
 Trust in His name alone;
 Shout to His lofty throne,
 "Worthy the Lamb!"

- 2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears!
 Dry up your mournful tears;
 Swell the glad theme;
 Praise ye our gracious King;
 Strike each melodious string;
 Join heart and voice to sing,
 "Worthy the Lamb!"

- 3 Hark! how the choirs above
 Filled with the Saviour's love,
 Dwell on His name!
 There, too, may we be found,
 With light and glory crowned,
 While all the heavens resound;
 "Worthy the Lamb!" James Eoden, 1801.

E. P. H.

WM. B. BRADBURY. *By per.*

1. The Sav iour died, but still He lives, His grace to all He free-ly gives; He lives to save the lost from Hell,
D. S. You too will sing it o'er and o'er,

FINE. CHORUS.

His wondrous love, O who can tell? O, sin-ners come and share His love, Then shall you dwell with Him a-bove;
That Je-sus lives for-ev-er-more. D. S.

- 2 He lives repenting souls to bless,
His heart is full of tenderness;
He lives to show His piercéed hands,
To those who dread the laws demands.—*Cho.*
- 3 He lives to change the heart of stone,
And make it loving like His own;

- He lives to bless us every hour,
We'll praise Him for His mighty power.—*Cho.*
- 4 He lives that He may sanctify
All those who on His grace rely;
And though we here awhile may roam,
He lives to take His people home.—*Cho.*

PILGRIMS WE ARE TO CANAAN BOUND.

- 1 Pilgrims we are to Canaan bound,
Our journey lies along this road;
This wilderness we travel round,
To reach the city of our God.
- Cho.*—O happy pilgrims, spotless fair,
What makes your robes so white appear?
Our robes are washed in Jesus' blood,
And we are trav'ling home to God.
- 2 O blessed land! O happy land!
When shall we reach thy golden shore?

- And one redeemed, unbroken band
United be forevermore.—*Cho.*
- 3 And if our robes are pure and white,
May we all reach that blest abode?
O yes, they all shall dwell in light,
Whose robes are washed in Jesus' blood.—*Cho.*
- 4 We all shall reach that golden shore,
If here we watch, and fight and pray;
Straight is the way, and straight the door,
And none but pilgrims find the way.—*Cho.*



1. I'm far frae my hame, and I'm wea-ry of-ten-whiles For the lang'd-for-hame-bring-ing, an' my



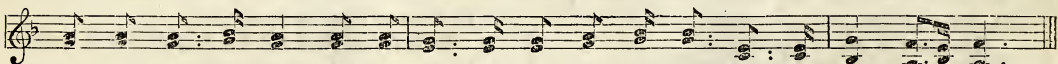
Father's welcome smiles; I'll ne'er be in content, un-til my een do see The gow-den gates o'



Hea-ven, an' my ain coun-tree. The earth is fleck'd wi' flow'rs mo-ny-tin-ted, fresh and gay, The



bir-dies war-ble blithe-ly, for my Fa-ther made them sae; But these sights an' these soun's will as



nae-thing be to me, When I hear the an-gels sing-ing in my ain coun-tree.

2 I've His guid word o' promise, that some gladsome day the King

To His ain royal palace His banished, hame will bring:
Wi' een an' wi' hearts running owre we shall see
"The King in His beauty," an' our ain countree.

My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair,
But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered
mai::

His bluid hath made me white, His hand shall dry
mine e'e,

When He brings me hame at last to my ain countree.

3 Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
I wad fain be ganging noo unto my Saviour's breast:
For He gathers in His bosom witless, worthless lambs.
An' carries them Himsel' to His ain countree. [like me,

He's faithfu' that hath promised, He'll surely come
again;

He'll keep His tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken,
But He bids me still to watch, an' ready aye to be
To gang at ony moment to my ain countree.

4 So I'm watching aye, an' singing o' my hame as I wait,
For the soun'ing of His footfa' this side the gowden
gate,

God gie His grace to ilk ane wha listens noo to me,
That we may gang in gladness to our ain countree.
I've His guid word o' promise, that some gladsome
day the King

To His ain royal palace His banished hame will bring:
Wi' een an' wi' hearts running owre we shall see
"The King in His beauty," an' our ain countree.

CHORUS.

1. My Sav-iour loves me, this I know, But do I love His Name? } Yes, I must be a lov-er of the
 Can I with Him to Zi-on go, And there His love pro-claim? } Yes, I must be a lov-er of the

Lord, Yes, I must be a lov-er of the Lord, }
 Lord, Or I'll ne'er go to hea-ven when I die. }

2 God's law would banish me to hell,
 But to the cross I flee;—
 His dying love no tongue can tell,—
 His love for sinful me.—*Cho.*

3 'Twas there He suffered in my stead,
 'Twas there He agonized;

'Twas there He bowed His bleeding head,
 Rejected, and despised.—*Cho.*

4 With faith my risen Lord I see,
 He bids me look to Him;
 My heart is changed—O! victory!
 His blood atones for sin!

Cho.—||: O! yes I am a lover of the Lord, ||
 He will take me to heaven when I die!

5 Thank God my heart is filled with joy,
 Oh! come and trust Him too;
 His praise will then be your employ,
 This Jesus died for you.

Cho.—||: For you must be a lover of the Lord, ||
 Or you'll ne'er go to heaven when you die.

AM I A LOVER OF THE LORD.

1 Am I a lover of the Lord,
 A sinner saved by grace?
 Oh, speak, dear Saviour, while my
 Still waits before Thy face. [soul
Cho.—Oh, you must be a lover, &c.
 Oh, you must be a lover, &c.
 Oh, you must be a lover, &c.
 Or you'll ne'er go to heaven when
 you die.

2 Dear Lord, my soul is sick of sin,
 I thirst for joys divine;
 I long to give myself away,
 And know no will but Thine.—*Cho.*
 3 That precious blood, that cleans-
 ing blood,
 Oh, was it shed for me?
 And, can a guilty sinner claim
 The drops that flowed so free?—*Cho.*
 4 I have rebelled against His laws,

And disobeyed His word;
 And yet I fain would turn, and be—
 A lover of the Lord.—*Cho.*
 5 The clouds of sin have rolled a-
 I see a heavenly light; [way,
 The burden of my soul is gone,
 And all around is bright.
Cho.—||: Yes, I trust I'm a lover, &c. ||
 And will go up to heaven when I die.

(1.) L. M. Tune, "Rockingham."

- 1 SAVIOUR! that word has sounded long,
O'er many a land, in many a tongue—
That word all unaccomplished yet—
And can thy waiting church forget?
- 2 We've trodden many a weary mile,
By that bright promise cheered the while;
We've braved a wild and stormy night,
Still watching for the morning light.
- 3 And when the darksome hours seemed long,
We've sung the pilgrim's homeward song,
And 'mid the angry billows' roar,
Have told of Canaan's happy shore.
- 4 But, Saviour, we are exiles still,
The road is rough, the night is chill;
We see the bright and morning star,
But it is yet too faint, too far.
- 5 Long have we wept and watched in vain,
But Thou hast said, "I come again."
Soon let us hear Thy welcome voice,
Soon bid Thy waiting church rejoice.

(2.) L. M. Tune "Forrest."

- 1 Oh! Lord, have mercy on my soul,
According to Thy wondrous grace;
Thy mercies never can be told,
Reveal to me Thy shining face.
- 2 Oh! wash me from my guilt and shame,
And cleanse my soul from every sin,
For I have oft contemned Thy name,
Oh what a sinner I have been.
- 3 Purge me with hyssop, make me clean,
My soul with joy and gladness fill,
Give me a peace that's calm, serene,
Like that which rests on Zion's hill.
- 4 Create my heart entirely new,
And with me let Thy spirit dwell,
Give me a joy I never knew,
Then sinners shall be turned from hell.
- 5 Dear Saviour, open Thon my lips,
Then shall my heart show forth Thy
Of Thy great sacrifice I'll teach, [praise,
While God shall lengthen out my days.

E. P. II.

(3.) L. M. Tune "Retreat," p. 75.

- 1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.
- 3 See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

J. Watts, 1707.

(4.) L. M. Tune page 80.

- 1 JESUS, assembled in Thy name,
This promise at Thy hand we claim:
We do believe; oh let us see
Great signs and wonders wrought by Thee.
- 2 Command, and these dead souls shall live,
These blind at once their sight receive;
Speak, and these deaf shall hear Thy voice,
These dumb in loudest songs rejoice.
- 3 Now let Thy mighty power be known;
Now break or melt these hearts of stone:
We do believe, shall we not see
New signs and wonders wrought by Thee?
- 4 Claim now the souls whom Thou hast
bought; [sought;
Fetch home the wanderers Thou hast
See, Lord, we bring our wants to Thee;
Let this the hour of mercy be.

(5.) L. M. Tune "Hebron."

- 1 BLESSED hour! when God himself draws nigh,
Well pleased His people's voice to hear,
To hush the penitent's sigh,
And wipe away the mourners' tear.
- 2 Blessed hour! for where the Lord resorts,
Foretastes of future bliss are given,
And mortals find His earthly courts
The house of God, the gate of Heaven.

- 3 Hail, peaceful hour! supremely blest,
Amid the hours of worldly care;
The hour that yields the spirit rest,
That sacred hour—the hour of prayer.
- 4 And when my hours of prayer are past,
And this frail tenement decays,
Then may I spend in heaven at last
A never-ending hour of praise.

Thos. Hastings, 1828.

(7.) L. M. Tune "Zephyr."

- 1 WHERE are the dead?—In heaven or hell
Their disembodied spirits dwell;
Their perished forms, in bonds of clay,
Reserved until the judgment-day.
- 2 Where are the living?—On the ground
Where prayer is heard and mercy found;
Where, in the compass of a span,
The mortal makes th' immortal man.
- 3 Then, timely warned, let us begin
To follow Christ and flee from sin;
Daily grow up in Him our Head,
Lord of the living and the dead.

J. Montgomery.

(7.) L. M. Tune "Windham."

- 1 STRETCH'D on the cross, the Saviour dies;
Hark! his expiring groans arise:
See from His hands, His feet, His side
Runs down the sacred crimson tide.
- 2 But life attends the deathful sound,
And flows from every bleeding wound;
The vital stream, how free it flows,
To save and cleanse his rebel foes!
- 3 Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow;
And yet my heart unmoved remain,
Insensible to love, or pain?
- 4 Come, dearest Lord, Thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart!
Till all its powers and passions move
In melting grief, and ardent love.

Eccle.

(3.) L. M. "Old Hundred."

- PRaise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him, above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

(9.) C. M. *Tune page 52, with Chorus.*

- 1 DEAR Saviour, now to Thee I turn,
From vanities of time; ^{[burn,}
Thou know'st what thoughts within me
To be a child of Thine.
- 2 How oft, alas! I've sought for peace,
This spacious earth around;
But all its joys are mixed with grief,
True comfort nowhere found.
- 3 Oh come and dwell within my heart,
I'll open wide the door,
And never, never more depart;
Thy goodness I'll adore—
- 4 I'll count it now my chiefest joy,
To know Thy righteous will;
And all my powers shall find employ
Thy pleasure to fulfill.

E. P. H.

(10.) C. M. *Tune "Avon."*

- 1 RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek thy Father's face;
Those new desires which in thee burn
Were kindled by His grace.
- 2 Return, O wanderer, return;
He hears Thy humble sigh:
He sees Thy soften'd spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids Thee live:
Come to His cross, and, grateful, learn
How freely He'll forgive.
- 4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe the falling tear:
Thy Father calls,—no longer mourn;
'Tis love invites thee near.

Wm. B. Collyer, 1812.

(11.) C. M. *Tune "Dedham," p. 66.*

- 1 In evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopped my wild career.
- 2 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agony and blood,
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near the cross I stood.

- 3 Sure, never, till my latest breath,
Can I forget that look:
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.
- 4 Alas! I knew not what I did;
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid,
For I the Lord have slain!
- 5 A second look He gave, that said,
"I freely all forgive:
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die that thou may'st live."

Rev. J. Newton, 1779.

(12.) C. M. *Tune "Arlington."*

- 1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those that love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And thus fulfill his word!—
- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart!
- 3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love!
- 4 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow,
And union sweet and dear esteem
In every action glow.
- 5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

Jos. Swain, 1792.

(13.) C. M. *Tune "Dedham," p. 66.*

- 1 COME, dearest Lord, and feed Thy sheep,
On this sweet day of rest:
Oh! bless this flock, and make this fold
Enjoy a heavenly rest.
- 2 Welcome and precious to my soul
Are these sweet days of love;
But what a Sabbath shall I keep
When I shall rest above!

- 3 I come, I wait, I hear, I pray;
Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace;
Here, in Thine own appointed way,
I wait to see Thy face.
- 4 These are the sweet and precious days
On which my Lord I've seen;
And oft, when feasting on His word,
In raptures I have been.

Mason.

(14.) C. M. *Tune "Melody," p. 26.*

- 1 How sad our state by nature is!
Our sin—how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds,
Fast in his slavish chains.
- 2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace,
Sounds from the sacred word;—
'Ho! ye despairing sinners! come,
And trust upon the Lord.'
- 3 My soul obeys th' almighty call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe Thy promise, Lord!
O help my unbelief.

J. Watts, 1707.

(15.) C. M. *Tune "St. Martin's."*

- 1 OH Lord, we come at Thy command,
And "GREAT THINGS" ask of thee,
Upon Thy promise firm we stand,
Let us rich blessings see.
- 2 May we who love Thy precious name,
Now prove thy gracious word,
We shall not surely "call" in vain,
Our pleadings will be heard.
- 3 May CHRIST to us be ALL in ALL,
Of Him we then shall tell,
And as we speak, the tears will fall,
And many turn from HELL.
- 4 Now may the Holy Ghost descend,
And we Thy "power" receive;
Then shall our prayers and efforts blend,
And many shall believe.
- 5 Let crowds of sinners flock to hear,
How Jesus took our place,
And may they wipe the falling tear,
And praise Him for His grace.

E. P. H.

(16.) C. M. *Tune "Coronation,"* p. 112.

- 1 WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by
All seated on the ground, [night,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
- 2 Fear not, said he, (for mighty deed
Had seized their troubled mind,)
Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind.
- 3 To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:
- 4 The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapp'd in swathing-bands,
And in a manger laid.

Nahum Tate, 1696.

(17.) C. M. *Tune page 105.*

- 1 ALL that I was, my sin, my guilt,
My death, was all my own:
All that I am I owe to Thee,
My gracious, God, alone.
- 2 The evil of my former state
Was mine, and only mine;
The good in which I now rejoice
Is Thine, and only Thine.
- 3 The darkness of my former state,
The bondage,—all was mine,
The light of life in which I walk,
The liberty,—is Thine.
- 4 Thy grace first made me feel my sin,
And taught me to believe;
Then, in believing, peace I found,
And now I live, I live.
- 5 All that I am e'en here on earth,
All that I hope to be—
When Jesus comes, and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord, to Thee.

Rev. H. Donar, 1853.

(18.) C. M.

- 1 I STAND approved before the throne,
In Christ I'm justified;
His precious blood my sins atone,
For me He groaned and died.

- 2 No fears of death alarm me now,
Christ is my Righteousness;
His name is written on my brow,
His is my glorious dress.

- 3 He'll give me wings to fly away
To mansions bright above;
There I shall sing, through endless day,
The glories of His love.

- 4 Bright pleasures now for evermore
Shall fill my soul with joy:
"Approved in Christ!" what ask I more?
Let praise be my employ.

E. P. H. 1865.

(19.) C. M. *Tune "Naomi,"* p. 105.

- 1 WHY do I halt in such a cause?
Why do I linger here?
To lean upon so strong an arm,
Why should I have a fear?
- 2 Here are two leaders, here two ways—
To different worlds they tend;
Which will I take, which will I choose,
And which will prove my friend?
- 3 My fate hangs on my present choice,
My doom I must decide;
The choice I make, for weal or wo,
Is one I must abide.
- 4 Now I can make my calling sure,
All heaven can now be mine;
No longer will I hesitate,
Lord, hence I will be Thine.

(20.) C. M. *Tune "St. Martin's."*

- 1 HARK! how from Sinai's mount proceeds
The trumpet's awful blast!
While yet the heart with anguish bleeds,
And sinks in wo at last.
- 2 Behold the sinner's fearless soul,
Which love can ne'er arrest,
With trembling hears the thunder roll,
And death approaching fast.
- 3 But lo!—what sounds of heavenly peace,
Amid the storm, I hear;
When howling winds a moment cease,
And love succeeds to fear!

- 4 Now, on the hill of Calvary,
Where Jesus once was slain,
Sweet peace, and love, and sympathy,
There all unbroken reign.

(21.) C. M. *Tune "Melody,"* p. 26.

- 1 COME, Lord, and warm each languid
Inspire each lifeless tongue; [heart,
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.
- 2 Come, Lord, Thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame;
Then shall our lips resound Thy praise,
Our hearts adore Thy name.
- 3 Dear Saviour, let Thy glory shine,
And fill Thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine
A heaven on earth appear.
- 4 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love;
Our feeble notes inspire,
Till, in Thy blissful courts above,
We join the heavenly choir.

Mrs. Anna Steele, 1750.

(22.) C. M. *Tune "Azmon."*

- 1 CONVINCED of sin, men now begin
To call upon the Lord;
Trembling they pray, and mourn the day
In which they scorned His word.
- 2 Young converts sing, and praise their
And bless God's holy name; [King,
While older saints leave their complaints,
And joy to join the theme.
- 3 Pour down a shower of Thy great power
On every aching heart;
On all who try, and humbly ery,
That they may have a part.
- 4 Come, sinners all, hear now God's call,
And pray with one accord: [tongues,
Saints, raise your songs, with joyful
To hail th' approaching Lord.

(23.) C. M. *Dozology.*

- Let God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, be adored, [known,
Where there are works to make Him
Or saints to love the Lord.

(21.) S. M. Tune "Boylston."

- 1 PRAY, without ceasing, pray,
(Your Captain gives the word);
His summons cheerfully obey,
And call upon the Lord:
- 2 To God your every want
In instant prayer display;
Pray always; pray, and never faint;
Pray, without ceasing, pray.
- 3 In fellowship,—alone,
To God with faith draw near;
Approach His courts, besiege His throne
With all the power of prayer;
- 4 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day:

C. Wesley.

(25.) S. M. Tune "Dennis," p. 20.

- 1 JESUS, who knows full well
The heart of ev'ry saint,
Invites us all our grief to tell,
To pray, and never faint.
- 2 He bows His gracious ear,
We never plead in vain;
Yet we must wait till He appear,
And pray, and pray again.
- 3 Though unbelief suggest,
Why should we longer wait,
He bids us never give Him rest,
But be importunate.
- 4 Then let us earnest be,
And never faint in prayer;
He loves our importunity,
And makes His cause our care.

Rev. J. Newton, 1779.

(26.) S. M. Tune "Golden Hill," p. 45.

- 1 JESUS invites his saints
To meet around His board;
Here pardoned rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.
- 2 For food he gives His flesh,
He bids us drink his blood;
Amazing favor, matchless grace,
Of our descending God!

- 3 This holy bread and wine
Maintains our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And interest in His death.
- 4 We are but several parts
Of the same broken bread;
One body hath its several limbs,
But Jesus is the Head. *I. Watts, 1707.*

(27.) S. M. Tune "Olmutz," p. 96.

- 1 THE day is drawing nigh,
Still brighter far than this,
When converts like a cloud shall fly
To seek the realms of bliss.
- 2 What rapt'rous scenes of joy
Shall burst upon our sight,
When sinners up to Zion's hill
Like doves shall speed their flight.
- 3 Beneath Thy balmy wing,
O Sun of righteousness,
These happy souls shall sit and sing
The wonders of Thy grace.

(28.) S. M. Tune "St. Thomas."

- 1 LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their Head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.
- 3 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And ev'ry heart is love. *Toplady.*

(29.) S. M. Tune "Thatcher."

- 1 THE Holy Ghost is here,
Where saints in prayer agree,
As Jesus' parting gift He's near
Each pleading company.
- 2 Not far away is He,
To be by prayer brought nigh,
But here in present majesty,
As in His courts on high.

- 3 He dwells within our soul,
An ever welcome Guest;
He reigns with absolute control,
As Monarch in the breast.
- 4 Our bodies are His shrine,
And He th' indwelling Lord;
All hail, thou Comforter divine,
Be evermore adored,

Chas. H. Spurgeon, 1866.

(30.) S. M. Tune "Watchman."

- 1 TRIUMPHANT news! fight on,
"The battle is the Lord's!"
Rest not upon an arm of flesh,
Nor count your spears and swords.
- 2 The battle is the Lord's!
Then victory's secure;
Warriors of Christ, march on, march on,
And to the end endure.
- 3 The battle is the Lord's!
Then sing and praise His name;
Join with the hosts of old, and praise,
For God is still the same.

(31.) S. M. Tune "Olmutz," p. 96.

- 1 LORD God, the Holy Ghost!
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all Thy power.
- 2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,—
The Spirit of all grace.
- 3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind;
One soul, one feeling breathe.
- 4 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray, and praise, and love.

J. Montgomery.

(32.) S. M. Doxology.

- 1 YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

(33.) 7s. *Tune "Martyn,"* p. 113.

- 1 PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.
Now to you my spirit turns,—
Turns a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
Oh, receive me into rest!
- 2 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave
Where you dwell shall be my home;
Where you die shall be my grave.
Mine the God whom you adore;
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more;
Every idol I resign.

J. Montgomery.(34.) 7s. *Tune "Hendon."*

- 1 HOLY Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.
- 2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleave this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.
- 3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine:
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
- 4 Holy Spirit, all-divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme,—and reign alone.

Andrew Keed, 1817(35.) 7s. *Tune "Pleyel's Hymn."*

- 1 SAVIOUR, at Thy feet we bow;
O vouchsafe to meet us now!
At Thy people's earnest cry,
Bring Thy loving mercy nigh.
- 2 Thou hast said, where two or three
In Thy worship shall agree,
That Thou wilt be present there,
Answering their faithful prayer.

- 3 Lord, we plead Thy promise here,
Let Thy presence now appear;
On our souls Thy spirit pour,
Light, and life, and peace restore.
- 4 Raise our thoughts from things below;
Faith's discerning eye bestow;
Let our hearts, from sin made free,
Hold sweet intercourse with Thee.

(36.) 7s. *Tune "Prayer."*

- 1 COME, my soul, Thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer:
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee, nay.
- 2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring,
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast,
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

Rev. J. Newton, 1779.(37.) 7s. *Tune "Horton."*

- 1 HASTEN, sinner, to be wise!
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder it is to be won.
- 2 Hasten, mercy to implore!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.
- 3 Hasten, sinner, to return!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.
- 4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

Thos. Scott, 1773.(38.) 7s. *Tune "Hendon."*

- 1 Jesus is gone up on high;
But His promise still is here,
"I will all your wants supply;
I will send the Comforter."
- 2 Let us now His promise plead,
Let us to His throne draw nigh;
Jesus knows His people's need;
Jesus hears His people's cry.
- 3 Send us, Lord, the Comforter,
Pledge and witness of Thy love;
Dwelling with Thy people here,
Leading them to joys above.
- 4 Till we reach the promised rest,
Till Thy face unveil'd we see,
Of this blessed hope possess'd,
Teach us, Lord, to live to Thee.

Thos. Kelly, 1809.(39.) 7s. *Tune "Aletta."*

- 1 CHILDREN, listen to the Lord,
And obey His gracious word;
Seek His face with heart and mind;
Early seek, and you shall find.
- 2 Sorowful, your sins confess;
Plead His perfect righteousness;
See the Saviour's bleeding side;
Come, you will not be denied.
- 3 For His worship now prepare;
Kneel to Him in fervent prayer;
Serve Him with a perfect heart;
Never from His ways depart.

(40.) 7s. *Tune "Martyn,"* p. 113.

- 1 CALMER of my troubled heart,
Bid my unbelief depart;
Speak, and all my sorrows cease;
Speak, and all my soul is peace.
Comfort me, whene'er I mourn,
With the hope of Thy return;
And, till I Thy glory see,
Help me to believe in Thee.

Chas. Wesley, 1762.(41.) 7s. *Doxology.*

SING we to our God above,
Praise eternal as His love;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

(12.) *Tune, "Annie Lisle."*

- 1 NOTHING, either great or small,
Nothing, sinner, no;
Jesus died and paid it all,
Long, long ago.
Cho.—"It is finished!" Yes indeed,
Finished every jot;
Sinner, this is all you need;
Tell me, is it not?
- 2 When He from His lofty throne
Stooped to do and die,
Every thing was fully done—
"Tis finished," was His cry.—*Cho.*
- 3 Weary, working, plodding one,
Wherefore toil you so?
Cease your doing; all was done
Long, long ago.—*Cho.*
- 4 Till to Jesus' work you cling,
By a simple faith,
"Doing is a deadly thing,
Doing ends in death."—*Cho.*
- 5 Cast your deadly doing down,
Down at Jesus' feet;
Stand in Him, in Him alone,
Glorious and complete.—*Cho.*

Rev. Mr. Proctor.

(13.) *Tune "Annie Lisle."*

- 1 JESUS I am happy now,
Happy Lord in Thee;
I have seen Thy bleeding brow,
And felt it was for me.
Cho.—"It is finished!" Yes indeed,
Finished every jot;
Sinner, this is all you need;
Tell me, is it not?
- 2 Jesus I to Thee would cling,
Every day and hour;
Then my heart will always sing,
Of Thy love and power.—*Cho.*
- 3 I would ne'er forget to pray,
Every day to Thee;
Thou wilt teach me what to say,
Thou wilt answer me.—*Cho.*

- 4 Lord forbid that I should part,
Ever from Thy side;
Thou with joy wilt fill my heart,
If I in Thee abide.—*Cho.*
- 5 Help me tell to all I know,
Th' story of Thy love;
May they quickly to Thee go,
And dwell with Thee above.—*Cho.*
E. P. H. 1873.

(14.) *7s & 6s. Tune "Webb."*

- 1 SHALL we, whose souls are lighted
With wi-dom from on high,
Shall we to men be-ighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O, salvation!
The joyful ound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name!
- 2 Waft, waft ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole.
Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

R. Heber, 1919.

(45.) *Tune "I want to be an angel,"*

- 1 WE all must speak for Jesus,
Who hath redemption wrought,
Who gave us peace and pardon,
Which by His blood He bought.
We all must speak for Jesus
To show how much we owe
To Him who died to save us
From death and endless woe.
- 2 We all must speak for Jesus,
Where'er our lot may fall,
To brothers, sisters neighbors,
In cottage and in hall.
We all must speak for Jesus,
The world in darkness lies,
With Him against the mighty
Together we must rise.

(46.) *8s & 7s. Tune "Nettleton" p. 32.*

- 1 WILT Thou help me, dearest Jesus,
While I come to Thee for aid?
'Tis Thy precious blood that frees us
From the debt upon us laid.
But, dear Saviour, I implore Thee,
Turn on me Thy p'ty ng lo k.
All my sins are now before Thee,
Written down in God's own book.
- 2 Thou who once wast throned in glory,
Suffered death on Calvary,
Oh! how wonderful the story—
Thou didst bleed and die for me!
Yes, that I might be forgiven,
Thou didst leave Thy home on high;
And that I might sing in heaven,
On that cruel cross didst die.
- 3 Now my heart is filled with gladness,
Since my hope I stay on Thee;
Thou wilt drive away all sadness,
All my sins are pardoned free.
I shall join the heavenly chorus,
Singing praise to Jesus' love;
Trusting Him, He'll go before us,
He wil bring us home above.

E. P. H.

(47.) *8s & 7s. Tune page 32.*

- 1 COME to Jesus, all ye weary,
Burden'd with the load of sin:
Come to Jesus, He is ready
To receive such wanderers in.
Cho.—"You'll love Jesus, you will praise Him,
You'll love Jesus, yes, you will,
You will love Jesus, only trust Him,
He'll receive and love you too.
- 2 Come to Jesus, He'll receive you,
Take His yoke, and learn of Him;
As your Prophet to instruct you,—
As your King be ruled by Him.—*Cho.*
- 3 Come to Jesus, He'll receive you;
He will cancel all your guilt
'Twas for this He came to save you,—
'Twas for this His blood was spilt.—*Cho.*

(48.) *Tune "Shall we gather," p. 62.*

- 1 SHALL we dwell with Christ for ever,
Shall we see Him face to face?
Shall we hear His voice, and never
Wander from His sweet embrace?

Cho.—Yes, we'll dwell with Christ for ever,
The glorious Christ, the precious
Christ for ever;
Dwell in light and peace, and never
Wander from His sweet embrace.

- 2 No more unbelief to cloud us,
No more tears to dim the eye,
No more darkness to enshroud us
In the happy home on high.

- 3 Gone will be the thought of sinning,
Gone the subtle tempter's snare;
Satan conquered, Jesus reigning,
Holy, blissful resting there.

D. E. M'Nab. Sept. 1873.

(49.) *Tune page 62.*

- 1 SINNERS, will you hear of Jesus,
Of the sacrifice He made,
That He might from all sin free us,
And redeem us from the grave?

Cho.—Yes, yes, we will hear of Jesus;
Say, can our guilty sins be e'er for-
given?

Yes, yes, we will hear of Jesus;
Say, can He set us free?

- 2 Yes, He has the power from heaven,
He can free you from your guilt;
All your sins can be forgiven,
Since for you His blood was spilt.

- 3 Jesus Christ, He is the Saviour
That can rescue you from sin;
Heaven's gates to you He'll open,
And will bid you enter in.

E. P. II., 1856.

(50.) *Tune page 70.*

- 1 Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known:

In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
||: And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of pray'r. :||

- 2 Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r!
The joy I feel, the bliss I share,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desire for thy return.
With such I hasten to the place,
Where God, my Saviour, shows His face,
||: And gladly take my station there,
To wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer. :||

- 3 Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r!
Thy wing shall my petition bear
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
||: I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r. :||

- 4 Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r!
May I thy consolation share;
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my heaven, and at the sight,
Put off this robe of flesh, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
||: And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r. :||
Walford, 1:49.

(51.) *Tune "Your Mission."*

- 1 HARK! the voice of Jesus calling,
Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, and harvest waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?
Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward He offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
||: Here am I, send me, send me. :||

- 2 If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door.
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give "the widow's mite;"
And whate'er you give, for Jesus,
||: Will be precious in His sight. :||

- 3 If you cannot preach like angels,
If you cannot speak like Paul;
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say, "He died for all."
If you cannot rouse the wicked,
By the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
||: To the Saviour's waiting arms. :||
- 4 Be not then "excused" by saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
When the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
In His name bear cups of water,
Cast the mountains in the sea;
He has power: go, humbly tell Him,
||: "Here am I, send me, send me." :||
Rev. J. A. Todd.

(52.) *Tune "Bethany."*

- 1 NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

- 2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

- 3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thon sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

- 4 Then, with my waking thoughts,
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Mrs. S. F. Adams, 1841.

(53.) 5s, 6s & 5s. *Tune "Rapture."*

- 1 O how happy are they
Who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above!
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.
- 2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed,
What a joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus's name!
- 3 'Twas a heaven below,
My Redeemer to know:
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at His feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.
- 4 Jesus all the day long,
Was my joy and my song;
O that all His salvation might see;
He hath loved me I cried,
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.

C. Wesley.(54.) 8s, 7s & 4. *Tune Page 3.*

- 1 CHRIST is coming! let creation
From her groans and travail cease;
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore, and faith increase:
Christ is coming!
Come, Thou blessed Prince of Peace.
- 2 Earth can now but tell the story
Of Thy bitter cross and pain;
She shall yet behold Thy glory
When Thou comest back to reign:
Christ is coming!
Let each heart repeat the strain.
- 3 With that blessed hope before us,
Let no harp remain unstrung;
Let the mighty advent chorus
Onward roll in every tongue:
Christ is coming!
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!
Mueduf.

(55.) 5s & 7s. *Tune "Bartimeus," p. 14.*

- 1 BLESSED Jesus, how I love Thee,
Thou didst suffer in my stead;
I will evermore adore Thee,
'Twas for me Thy blood was shed.
- 2 Yes, this tongue that once was silent
Ne'er shall cease to tell Thy love;
Praise shall now be its employment,
Here on earth and up above.
- 3 O how changed my heart is 'oward Thee;
Once I never loved Thy name;
With the wicked oft I scorned Thee:
At the thought I blush with shame.
- 4 Now, whenever I must listen
To a word toward Thee unkind,
In my eyes the tears will glisten,
And a cloud come o'er my mind.
- 5 I will bring, to get Thy blessing,
All the children that I can;
They near Thee will soon be pressing,
Unless pushed away by man.

E. P. H.(56.) *Tune "Jesus paid it all."*

- 1 I'VE cast my deadly doing down,
Down at Jesus' feet;
I stand in Him, in Him alone,
Glorious and complete.
- Cho.*—Jesus paid it all,
All to Him I owe,
And something either great or small,
From love to Him I'll do.
- 2 Now to Jesus' work I'll cling,
By a simple faith;
Doing was a "deadly" thing,
It would have been my death.—*Cho.*
- 3 Legal works I've given o'er,
Jesus is my all;
Sins that tasted sweet before
Upon my senses pall.—*Chorus.*

E. P. H. 1863.(57.) 6s & 4s. *Tune "Happy Land."*

- 1 SAY, hast thou found a friend?
Is Jesus thine?
His love shall never end—
Is Jesus thine?

Earth's pleasures may decrease,
All of human friendships cease;
Would'st thou have lasting peace?
Take Jesus thine.

- 2 Think what He did for thee,—
Is Jesus thine?
He bled upon the tree—
Is Jesus thine?
See the sun in darkness hide
When for you the Saviour died;
For you was crucified;
Take Jesus thine.

- 3 He is a friend indeed,—
Is Jesus thine?
He'll be the friend you need,—
Is Jesus thine?
He's knocking, let Him in!
There's no other friend like Him;
He'll cleanse your soul from sin;
Take Jesus thine.

E. P. H.(58.) 8s, 7s & 4. *Tune "Zion."*

- 1 FINISHED, all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished all that God had promised;
Death and Hell no more shall awe.
"It is finished!"
Saints from hence their comfort draw.
- 2 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs:
Strike them to Immanuel's name:
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join the triumph to proclaim:
"It is finished!"
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

Jon. Evans, 1787.(59.) 8s, 7s & 4. *Doxology.*

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness,

W. Shirley, 1774.

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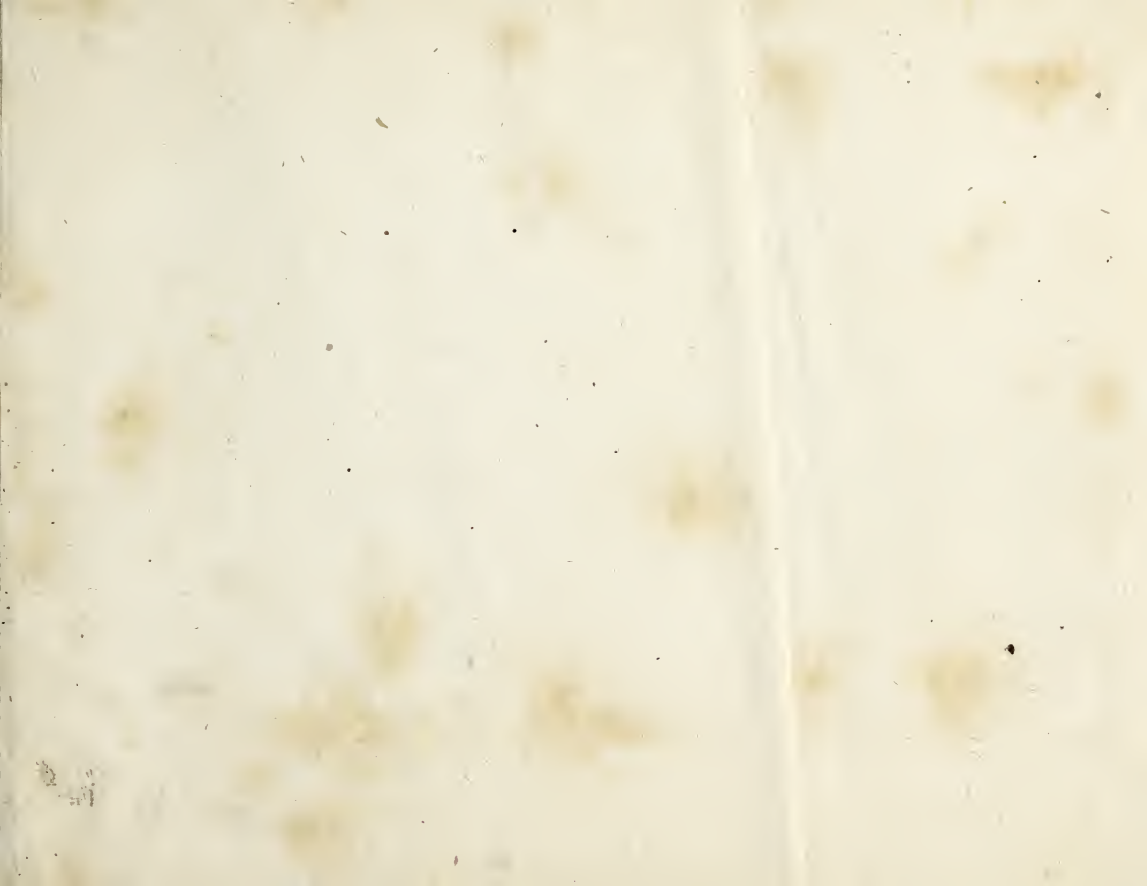
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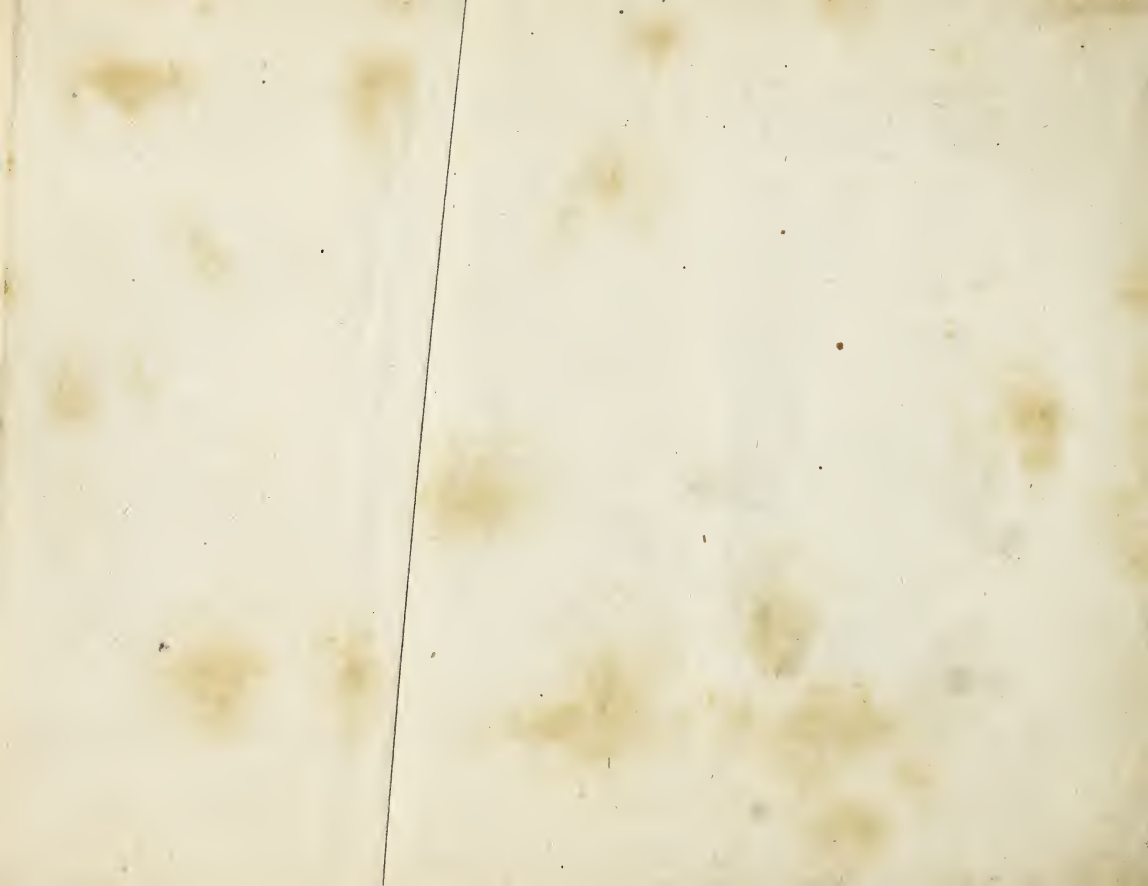
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